



C. Du. Bose. sculp.



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THE
SKIMMER:
OR THE
HISTORY
OF
TANZAI *and* NEADARNÉ.

VOLUME. I.



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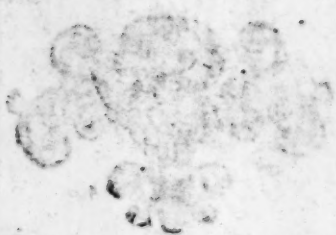
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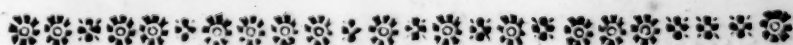
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P R E F A C E.



* C H A P. I.

Concerning the O R I G I N of
this Work.



THE following Work is, indisputably, one of the most valuable Monuments of Antiquity ; and so highly esteem'd by the Chinese, that they have not scrupled to ascribe it to the famous Confucius. And indeed, the Precepts of it are so judicious, the Morality so excellent, the Invention so beautiful, the Events
A so

*so singular, and the Order and Method so regular, that they could not ascribe it to any other Author, or, at least could not forbear wishing that it were written by him. Nevertheless, we owe it to Kilo-hoe, a very illustrious Personage, who lived upwards of a thousand Years before Confucius, first Mandarin of the Law, invested with the highest Employments, and known in China by a great Number of Works, historical, political, and moral. A learned Chinese * who, four Hundred Years since, writ the Literary History of his Country with wonderful Accuracy, has proved by unanswerable Arguments, that Kilo-hoe was the sole Author of this Book. What the latter Writer has given of it, is no more than the Fragment of a larger*

* Cham-hi-hon-chu-ka-hul-chi. Vide Literary History of China-Pekin. 1306. p. 155. Vol I.

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History; an Essay, as it were, of that of a whole Nation. The Reasons why he laid aside his Design are not known. What Honour soever Kilo-hoe might expect would accrue to him from this Beginning, (which is no more than the particular History of a Prince,) he yet could not forbear owning, that he translated it from a very antient Manuscript, written in the antient Language of Japon; and the Japonese Writer had himself translated it from the Language of the Chechianians, a People who, even at that Time, were extinct.

The Japonese Writer declares, in another place, that his Country-men thought it an Honour to be descended from the Chechianians: However, he himself seems not to be of this Opinion, because, no Proofs, even in his Time, existed of this Descent; and that he himself (as every judicious Author would) believes, that an Article of such prodigious Importance,

cannot be too well settled. He even makes a Dissertation on this Subject, which Kilo-hoe, however, did not think proper to translate, because it gave no Light into any Particular. 'Twould be still more difficult, in this Age, to clear up any of these Circumstances. It therefore may be more proper, with the courteous Reader's Leave, to pass to such Facts as may be more easily unravel'd.



* C H A P. II.

The Manner how this Treasure was brought into France.

A Dutchman, of astonishing Wit and Genius, being at Nankin about a Century ago, was oblig'd, by his private Affairs, to continue there so long a Time, as gave him an Opportunity

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portunity of making a tolerable Progress in the Chinese Language. At the Time that he was endeavouring to translate some Pieces (in order to improve himself in that Tongue) that which we now publish fell into his hands. Smote with it's Beauty, he set about it; and in three Years time made shift to translate it into Dutch, but in a very imperfect Manner, as he himself confess'd. Being little solicitous of favouring the Publick with it, he return'd to Europe, and left this Work in the Hands of the learned John Gasper Crocovius Putridus, of Leipsic, his intimate Friend, so well known in the Republick of Letters, by the Dispute in which he engag'd with Emanuel Morgatus, on a Subject of wonderful Importance. The Affair was, to discover whether the chaste Diana's Pack of Hounds, consisted of Dogs and Bitches, or only of one Sex of those Animals. After an exceedingly-warm Contest, the Palm

was given to Putridus, who proved, by Arguments drawn from the Virgin-Modesty of this Goddess, and by the Testimonies of the greatest Men of Antiquity, that she had never kept any but the latter Kind. The Dutchman arriving at the very Nick of Time that Putridus was complimented by all the Literati of Germany, for the important Services he had done the Common-wealth of Learning, he desired him to write a Commentary on his Chinese Translation. Accordingly Crocovius translated it into Latin, enriched it with Notes and Illustrations, and was just going to publish it in three large Folio's, when this very-learned Man was snatched away by an immature Death. Balthasar Onerosus, and Melchior Insipidus, his Nephews, Heirs to the Estate and profound Knowledge of their Uncle, made some other Additions to this Work; writ a Commentary on it; illustrated the Notes of
their

their Uncle ; added new ones, compared the various Readings, restored the Passages, and at last were printing it at Nuremberg, in five Volumes, Folio, when they were unhappily swept away by the Plague. Their Children having less Erudition, and being unable to defray the pence of so glorious a Work, sold it to a Noble Venetian, who happen'd to be then in Nuremberg. This Nobleman, whose Name was Annibale Guglio Scipione Buzevia degli Tafari, being returned to Venice, translated it into his native Tongue, but not in the Form in which he had purchas'd it. Being but very imperfectly skill'd in Latin, he quite leap'd over the Erudition ; when being assisted by a Brother Servite, and both making great use of a Dictionary, they, with much ado, put it into a Venetian Dress. Had his Excellency Buzevia been able to make a proper Advantage of the learned

Remarks, with which the Germans had embellish'd the Work; the French Nation would have had it more complete; and then a thousand admirable Particulars would not have been deprived of the Illustrations they so much want. The last Translator dares not presume to flatter himself with having succeeded. The Venetian is a very difficult Jargon; and the French Translator owns, that he is puzzled to find the Meaning even of many Tuscan Terms; a Circumstance that will appear no ways extraordinary, when the Reader is inform'd, that he studied Italian but two Months, under a Frenchman, his particular Friend, who had liv'd but six Weeks in Rome.



* C H A P. III. and last.

Concerning some Particulars
which it was necessary to
alter. *Elogium* of the last
Translator.

TH E Reader may naturally suppose, from the various Hands through which this Work has pass'd, that it has retain'd but few of its native and original Graces; and, all Circumstances consider'd, I don't know whether 'twill appear to greater Disadvantage upon that account. Oriental Books are always stuff'd with Trifles and absurd Fables; the Religions of the Eastern Nations are grounded wholly on idle Tales, which they introduce on all Occasions; and which would appear as ridiculous to us, as venerable to them. These

religious Extravagancies diffuse over their Compositions a fantastic Air, whose Novelty might give Pleasure, but which is now grown too common for a Reader to discover any Beauties in them. Besides their Deities, whom they represent under all sorts of Characters, they introduce Genii and Diws. These are found in their most serious Histories; and whenever any of their Heroes is in any great Danger, a Diw expos'd him to it, and a Genius extricates him. These imaginary Beings are the Foundation, and form the Catastrophe or Unravelling of three fourths of their Books; and tho' they frequently give rise to very singular Events, the Reader is at last tired to see the same Actors for ever appearing on the Stage; not to mention that this betrays a very tedious Barrenness of Invention. Besides, their Writings are fill'd with Metaphors, and certain Turns, which can
never

never (because of the great Simplicity of our Language) be translated with Faithfulness or Beauty. To give a French Version of an Eastern Work, is therefore a more difficult Task than is generally imagined; but as this which we now present the Reader with, is translated only from the Venetian Tongue, the Reader must not imagine it was less difficult upon that account.

Signior Annibale--Buzevia de gli Tafari has blended the whole in a very unaccountable manner; and it has cost no small pains to range and digest the Facts, in the manner we may suppose Kilo-hoe intended them. Instead of the word GENIUS, I have substituted that of FAIRY, which is a familiar Term to us. I have suppress'd all the barbarous Names, whenever I had an Opportunity for it. The Genius Hic-nec-fic-la-ki-ha-tipophetaf was a horrid Word to the Teeth, for which reason

reason I chang'd it. In a word, I have endeavour'd, to the utmost of my Abilities, to make this Work perfect, and am in no manner of doubt but it is so. I have scatter'd a great number of Flowers in a multitude of Places, as well as Reflexions, which will appear equally new and judicious. The Translation is drawn up with wonderful Care, Clearness, and Accuracy; and, I am persuaded, that Kilo-hoe's Original is infinitely inferior to this Translation, tho' made from a Language, of which I scarce understand a Syllable.

With regard to the Ground-work, it possibly may be wild and extravagant, but this in all probability is the Fault of the Original. 'Twould be unreasonable to expect, from the Imagination of a Chinese, that Taste and Regularity which glitter so much in the Compositions of the French; who being extremely regular,

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lar, are for the most part vastly judicious, and still oftner very cold and flat; and that from a certain Maxim of Horace, which I would willingly have introduced here, had not part of it slipt my Memory. But this Horace pretends, that Reason must be cloath'd in a diverting Dress; and does not bid a Writer tire out his Reader's Patience, thro' an Excess of Wisdom. To speak my thoughts; I am sincerely of opinion, that such of our Authors as are so extremely regular, would very gladly be less so; and, if possible, violate the Laws of Writing a little more than they do. Their Works, indeed, would not boast quite so much Decorum; but then they would be more agreeable, and more universally read.

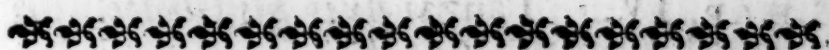
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TANZAI
AND
NEADARNE,
A
JAPONESE History.

BOOK I.

* CHAP. I.

*Some Account of Prince Hiaouf-
Zeles-Tanzai.*



IN the great *Cheebianea*, a
Region now lost, by the
Ignorance of Geographers,
reigned anciently a King
call'd *Cphaf*, or *Cepbaes*,
a Name which signified in the Lan-
guage of that Country (at this time
as

as little known as the *Punick Tongue*) *Felicity of the People* ; a glorious Name, which, possibly, Chance or Flattery, had bestowed upon it. There was no one to succeed this Prince in his wide-extended Dominions, but his only Son, for whom the *Cheebianeans* had an extraordinary Veneration ; and who, from his most tender Years, form'd, but without their knowing why, their dearest Hopes. In these Times Fairies govern'd the Universe.

As these *Intelligences* act more from Caprice than Reason, they must necessarily conduct it with very little Regularity. Most Beings make an ill Use of unlimited Power ; and that Man who can act as he pleases, does not always make Justice the Rule of his Will. This was the Case with the Fairies. They were very numerous, and had very little Subordination among 'em : Their Sex, the various Interests that animate 'em, which sometimes are of little Importance, but always violent ; a jealousy of Commanding ; that of Beauty ; a Desire of Caprice, being the Publick Topic ;
which,

which, with Female Deities, is a considerable Spring ; all these gave Rise to very bloody Feuds among the *Intel- ligences* in question.

The Son of *Cephaes* had been receiv'd at his Birth, by the auspicious Fairy *Barbacela*, the avow'd Protectress of his Family from Time immemorial. She call'd the Prince, because of his exquisite Beauty, *Hiaouf-Zeles-Tanzai*, (*the Sun's Rival*) and at the same time endow'd him with all the Advantages capable of raising a Mortal to the highest Perfection. He possess'd all Knowledge, without having ever been instructed. Persons of high Rank, often imagine they know all things, but this was not the Case with *Tanzai*, all whose Talents were real. He was equally skill'd in Poesy, Painting and Music ; and cou'd write *Lyric* and *Dramatic*, as perfectly as *Epic* Poetry. He was no less happy in Pieces of a jocose and puerile Cast ; and Madrigals, Epigrams, Elegies, Anagrams, and *Bouts-rimez*, were full as familiar to him. Nevertheless, as there is no such thing as an universal Genius, he could never attain
to

to the making of Acrosticks. Tho' his Inclination was turn'd chiefly to Poetry, he yet did not neglect the rest of the polite Arts. All the Virtuosi in *Cheebian* had Pieces of his Painting in their Cabinets, and the several *Ex-voto's* of the great Temple were all of his Pencil. Operas, the Words and Music whereof were of his composing, were frequently represented at *Cheebian*. It cannot be denied but that he had the finest Taste in the World; and nothing was a more conspicuous Proof of it, than his preferring the *Sackbut* to all other Instruments. He was so passionately fond of it, that *Cephaes*, who gave blindly into all the Caprices of the Prince, had caus'd to be hung up in the Spires of all the Temples of *Cheebian*) instead of Kettle-drums, with which the People were before call'd to Prayer) Sackbuts of an enormous Size. Several Princes of the Blood had been appointed to play on those Instruments on proper Occasions, and, for that Reason were honour'd with the supreme Title of grand Sackbut-players of the State. This Post became one
of

of the most considerable in the Kingdom, and the senior Sackbut-player was declared Constable. His Majesty, to raise the Splendor of this Post, honour'd those on whom it was bestow'd, with a Bear-skin Pair of Breeches, adorn'd with Tufts of Hair after the *Indian* Fashion; which Honour, tho' it may appear fantastical to us, was yet, in the Opinion of that People, a Mark of the most peculiar Distinction. *Tanzai* answer'd the Tenderness his Father indulg'd him, by that great Regard which an excellent Education inspires. Dear to the Nations he was one Day to govern; belov'd by the illustrious Fairy *Barbacela*, and the Admiration of the whole World, he seem'd to have attain'd the highest Pitch of Felicity. However, his Heart was naturally tender, and yet he was not allowed to entertain a soft Passion.

The Fairy, because of certain Accidents with which the Prince was threatened, in case he should fix his Affections, or marry before he was full twenty, had absolutely prohibited him both, till the

the Time in which the Fates allowed him to dispose of himself. These Orders were express, and it was as dangerous for *Tanzai* to infringe, as difficult to obey 'em. How was it possible, in a Court which the *Pleasures* had chosen for their Seat; where the Ladies heightened their Charms with all the seducing Arts of Coquetry; where their only Business and Study were to raise Desires, and afterwards satiate them; for a Prince in the Bloom of Life, amiable, and of a Soul formed for Love, to continue long indifferent? 'Twou'd have been to no purpose for him to entertain any such Hopes. And accordingly *Tanzai*, sensible how pernicious a Court is, to all who are exhorted to lead a Life of Virtue; and being oppress'd, as it were, where-ever he appear'd, with melting Glances, or warm Declarations, he at last resolv'd to leave it; to retire to a Palace of his own, standing on the Sea-shore; and to forbid all Women Entrance to it. This Resolution surprized every one. The Motives of it were unknown; and such Ladies as were disgusted upon that account,

count, spread Reports no ways advantageous to *Tanzai*, who either was not inform'd of, or did not value 'em. He was but Eighteen when he secluded himself in this Solitude, and three Months after grew quite tir'd of it. When absent from the charming Sex which employ'd his whole Soul, nothing was capable of amusing him; and he tortur'd his Imagination to no purpose, in order to invent some Scenes of Diversion: the less he knew the exquisite Pleasure of loving, the more soothing was the Image he form'd to himself of it. That so sweetly-tender Union of two Hearts, which he had frequently describ'd in his Writings; those Transports, and that so strong Delight in Love, became at last the only Blessing he wished to enjoy. Growing more uneasy every Day, he resolv'd to tell the Fairy, that he was determin'd to return to *Chechian*, and marry, how displeasing soever this might be to the Fates. *Barbacela* us'd her utmost Endeavours to divert him from this Design; but, in spite of all she could say, he fix'd a Day on which he resolv'd to quit

quit his Retreat. The Fairy, without abandoning *Tanzai* to his evil Destiny, pitied him, and resolv'd to exert all her Power to ward off the Calamities with which he was threatned, or at least to soften 'em. Such Readers as shall have Patience enough to continue this History, will afterwards see the Advantages which the Prince reap'd from the Precautions taken by the Fairy.

* CHAP. II.

The Return of the Prince: Assembly of the Council; Proposal of Marriage: Arrival of the Princesses: Their Allurements, and how they were receiv'd.

THE Prince's Return gave occasion to new Conjectures, and was, to the Politicians of *Chechian*, an inexhaustible Source of Arguments and Chimeras. The Common People, who are ever for ascribing a Cause to the Actions of their Sovereign when they

they are most hid from them, tortur'd their Brains with perpetual thinking ; and were, at last, as much in the dark with regard to the Motives of his Return, as those which had occasioned his Absence. The Women were less puzzled ; and there was not one among 'em but concluded that *Tanzai*, prey'd upon by a secret Flame which his Pride had in vain endeavour'd to extinguish, was return'd from no other Motive, than to pay the Beauty who had conquer'd his Heart, a Homage which it was not in his power to refuse any longer. But now I think on it, what necessity was there for *Tanzai's* being so reserv'd ? Ought Persons of such high Rank to dissemble their Wishes, and should Princes be struck with Fear when they make their Addresses ? However, their Suppositions were not altogether groundless. The Prince was devout : Persons of this cast may be tempted, but they screen their Impulses much more than they combat 'em ; and never struggle with their Frailty, but when it cannot be conceal'd. How many Women owe their Prudery to a fear

fear of being discover'd? Among the various Ladies who laid claim to *Tanzai's* Heart; his Governante imagin'd her Rights to be the best founded; and she was firmly persuaded, that, if not from Inclination, at least out of Gratitude, he would devote to her his first Sighs, or first Whims. The most experienc'd Coquets of the Court disput-ed also the Conquest of his Heart, and exhibited before him all such things as a Desire of pleasing, with regard to Looks and Behaviour, suggests to the Fair. However, these made no Impression on the Prince's Indifference: He wish'd for a modest Beauty, whose Simplicity was undisguis'd by Art, and whom he might be permitted to see at her Toilet, without giving Offence. He even propos'd this Trial: But it very much perplex'd the Pretenders, how advantageously soever they might think of their Charms; and they chose to resign their Claim to *Tanzai*, rather than appear before him with the frightful Aspect which they ow'd to their perpetual midnight Revels at Court, and the Fatigues that are inseparable from Quality.

But

But now the King was resolv'd to look out a suitable Match for his Son ; and this being an Affair of the highest Importance, he thought proper to take the Advice of his Council. Each of the Foreign Ministers propos'd the Daughter of his Sovereign. Twelve might flatter themselves with the hopes of this Alliance ; but *Cephaes* concluding that his Son could not marry a dozen Princesses, was very much puzzled with regard to the Choice. The Monarchs who offer'd him their Daughters were vastly powerful : 'T would be dangerous to displease 'em, and but one could be satisfy'd : So that the Wisdom of the Council had never been more embarrass'd. The King's excellent Sense (superiour to that of all Men) hit at last upon an Expedient suitable to the Welfare of the Kingdom, and the Majesty of the neighbouring Monarchs. He propos'd, that each of those Kings should send to *Cheebian* the Princess he intended for his Son ; that they should all reside thirteen Weeks at his Court ; that he would spend twelve of these in visiting them,

B one

one after another, in order that he might have an opportunity of examining their several Perfections, and they of forming a Judgment with regard to *Tanzai*. That the thirteenth Week, after having duly meditated on the Beauty of their Persons, or the Sweetness of their Dispositions, the Prince should declare his Choice. That by this Method, none of the Monarchs in question, could justly consider the Refusal which should be made of his Daughters as Contempt, since Graces and Perfections only were to determine here. The Council applauded the King's Resolution, and the Ministers having communicated this Proposal to their respective Sovereigns, they all agreed to it. Immediately Apartments were prepar'd for the Reception of the several Beauties, who arriv'd not long after. They were welcom'd with the most splendid Festivities: And several of the Prince's Operas were play'd, all which were greatly admir'd, either justly, or out of mere Complaisance. *Tanzai*, at the first Glance he threw, finding the Princesses equally lovely, would

would very willingly have espous'd 'em all ; but the Veneration he had for the Laws was a Restraint to him, so that he contented himself with making them, both in Prose and Verse, the prettiest Compliments in the World. As the Princesses had pleas'd him, so not one of his Graces had escap'd their Notice. He charm'd 'em all ; and this conformity of Sentiments increas'd the Aversion they already began to entertain for one another. We all know what a company of Women are capable of, when each wants to win a much-lov'd Object from the rest : But as it was never known, that one Man was the Idol of twelve Ladies, we shall only observe, that there was twelve times as much Hatred and Slander among those Princesses, as is generally found ; consequently, twelve times as many apish, affected Tricks were play'd, all which were of Advantage to the Prince, who cou'd not but be charmingly amus'd with this trifling.

When any one of the Princesses had found out a new Method of Walking, of screwing up her Mouth, or of

Ogling; all the rest, to refine on her, immediately squinted, drew their Mouths up to their Eyes, or fell into the most ridiculous Shuffle. The same was practiced with regard to every thing else; for knowing that *Tanzai* was conversant in Arts of every kind, they all became Poets, Painters, Musicians, &c. and 'tis scarce possible to conceive the multitude of stupid Productions in every kind, to which their Emulation gave Birth. *Tanzai*, fearing he should disoblige 'em, in case he show'd any one a Preference which all the rest could not fail of looking upon as unjust; would have Chance determine their Rank; and so divided his Hours, that, in the Day-time, he visited her only whose Turn it was to be address'd that Week. He was present at her Toilet, was her Gentleman-Usher on all Occasions, and din'd with her; but in the Evening, at the Play-house, or in the Circle, he spoke to all the rest; and 'twas then these Rivals survey'd him very minutely; fancied he wore a forc'd, uneasy Air; and judg'd, by his Countenance, that the Princess whose Turn it was to be then courted,

courted, pleas'd him least of all. However, all these Conjectures were wholly owing to their Vanity ; and the Behaviour of *Tanzai*, tho' his Heart was already fix'd, being the same to all, they ought naturally to have been as much in doubt on this Head, as *Tanzai* himself affected to appear.



* C H A P. III.

*The Prince's Amours. Astonishing
Wisdom of Neadarné.*

ELEVEN Weeks were now elapsed, and the Princess whose Turn came next, was she for whom *Tanzai* had languish'd in secret. How circumspect soever he might have been, still the Princess was persuaded of his Love. The Passion she herself felt, had whisper'd to her the Impression her Charms had made on *Tanzai's* Heart ; and their Eyes had a thousand times reveal'd their mutual Wishes, before the Confession of it fell from their Lips.

'Twas impossible for *Tanzai* to have made a more lovely Choice. The extreme Pleasure the Princesses took in imitating him ; and the Jealousy which arose among 'em, prov'd sufficiently his uncommon Merit. This he himself had observ'd the very first Day ; but restrain'd by a Law, he had been oblig'd to wait till it was their Lot to be together ; and now the happy Moment was come. Eager to express what they reciprocally felt ; to enquire whether they were not mistaken in their Glances ; to enjoy, for the first time, the supreme Felicity of loving one another without Constraint, 'twas not in their Power to dissemble their Joy.

Neadarné (for so the Princess was call'd) fully justified *Tanzai*'s fond Passion. She was a *Brunette*, who possess'd, besides all the Graces peculiar to Women of that Complexion, all those which charm in fair Women. Her black Eyes were extremely lively and piercing ; but from the Instant she had seen the Prince, a melting Softness seem'd to temper the excessive Brightness they diffus'd. Her Lips, which
utter'd

utter'd the most agreeable or prudent Expressions whenever they open'd, were sweetly shap'd, and adorn'd with the finest Set of Teeth the World had ever seen. She was tall, upright and majestic, and at the same time of a noble, easy Shape. Her Legs and Hands, which had been turn'd by the *Graces*, very much prejudic'd the Spectator in favour of every thing else. All her Words and Actions were inexpressibly graceful. She had not recourse, in order to please, (whether with regard to her Person or her Wit) to that affected Petulance which is ever so contrary to Reason and Decency; nor to those far-fetch'd Words, that ridiculous Jargon which, being so very ridiculous, ought to be universally exploded. How insensible must that Soul have been, who could be unmov'd at so enchanting an Object!

The Day was no sooner come, on which *Tanzai* was permitted to speak to his Princess, but, urg'd by the fond Impulses of his Heart, he flew under her Window, there to wait the delicious Moment in which he might be allow'd to see her.

Neadarné, no less impatient than the Prince, rose up earlier than usual that Day. The first Sound that struck her Ears, was *Tanzai's* Voice, who was Singing, with a languishing Air, Songs he compos'd *extempore* on his Passion. Immediately she started up; but fearing it wou'd be indecent for her to appear at the Window; and being, at the same time, unwilling to lose the Opportunity of speaking to the Prince, she made such a clattering in her Apartment, that *Tanzai* concluded she was awake, and accordingly flew to the Door of it. *Neadarné*, who had observ'd that he had always delay'd, till the last Moment, whenever he was to visit her Rivals, consider'd his early Addresses as a good Omen. The Prince came up to her with that Confusion, that Absence of Mind, which is never felt but in the Presence of a much-lov'd Object. The Princess's Ladies were all withdrawn. How could she prevent this, since the Law would have it so?

Being now alone with her, he was but the more bashful. For a great many

many Moments his Eyes spoke the melting Language of Love; and the Princess understood it much better than she wou'd have done, the soft, impertinent Tautology, which the Folly of Men and the Coquetry of Women, have since invented. However, this Silence was to be broke. We admire for some time, but at last we break into Applauses of the Object of our Admiration; and the Charms which the Princess reveal'd to *Tanzai*, were, to him, an ever-flowing Source of Delights and Encomiums. His Words now forc'd their Way.—May I presume, says he, with a stammering Voice, and a bashful Air, to hope you will not disdain my Passion, but condescend so far as to listen to it? Ah, Sir! replied the Lady with a Sigh, if it be sincere what may you not hope for?—Sincere! my Princess! says he; Alas! how injurious is this Doubt? At these Words he fell at *Neadarné's* Feet, who, greatly pleas'd with her Lover, listn'd to him with that Complacency, which a Desire of being persuaded suggests—Well! I believe you,

dear Prince, says she, in a tender Tone of Voice ; and how would it be possible, loving you so passionately as I do, for me not to believe you ? Receive, continued she, putting out her Hand, the sincerest Promise of my Love ; speak for ever of me of your's : How happy will it be for me to love you eternally !

Tanzai, overcome by Excess of Pleasure, kiss'd the Princess's Hand. In how rapturous a Strain did he speak of the first Impression which her Charms had made on his Heart ! of the Aversion he had conceiv'd for her Rivals ! with what Violence he had struggled to suppress his Passion ! the Impatience which tortur'd him ! how many Vows did he make to love her for ever ! how strong was the Flame which play'd in his Glances ! — With regard to the Princess, who view'd *Tanzai* with Love-darting Eyes, what Tenderness did she not read, and suck in, from his ! Both struck with the sweetest Confusion, both intoxicated with Delight, were dead to all things but their melting Wishes.

As

As *Tanzai* was the Darling of so great a Number of Beauties, and sure of being belov'd, he resolv'd to take advantage of the Confusion in which he saw *Neadarné*. He began by a Sigh which expir'd on her Lips, whither *Cupid* himself wasted it. She certainly would have refus'd him that Bliss; but, in Conjectures like these, it may be made a Question whether a Woman is endued with all the Strength she might otherwise possess? A Lover, whom his Mistress is afraid of offending, and who is not struck with the same kind of Fear, is stronger from her Weakness, than she is weak from his Strength. Be this as it will, the Prince would oblige her to confirm the Kiss he had printed on her Lips. *Virtue* refus'd this Grant, but *Cupid* was resolv'd to indulge it; and one would imagine, that the former was invented merely to fall a perpetual Sacrifice to the latter. The more we enjoy, the more we covet. One Desire being satiated, it instantly raises up another in a Lover's Heart. From what he is allow'd, he perceives what may be allow'd him.

The

The Princess was in one of those very negligent Deshabilles, which, by the starting of a Pin from its Place, discloses greater Charms than a Lady had before denied Access to. A Vest flying open reveal'd to the Prince a Neck, so exquisitely well turn'd, and so snowy white, that it was impossible for *Tanzai* to restrain himself, so as not to wish to pass, once more, the bounds of Decorum. *Neadarné* had so long struggled before she would grant a single Kiss, that he imagin'd the least Permission he should sue for, with regard to this new Object, would be refus'd him with a Frown. Absolutely determin'd, therefore, to owe this new Pleasure to himself only, he first laid his Fingers upon it, and then his Lips; after which, both the Princess and her fond Lover continuing in deep Silence, and gazing no longer at each other, they no sooner recover'd from this delicious Extacy, but they sunk again under it. What could *Neadarné* do? She was virtuous: but in so delicate a Situation, all a modest Woman can pretend to, is, not so much to restrain
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the Transports of her Lover, as to recollect, that 'tis her Duty to do it.

Reflexion, on these Occasions, is a very feeble Refuge, if indeed 'tis possible for Reflexion to arise in the midst of Delights. Shou'd it come afterwards, what has it secur'd from ? The Princess was in a bewilder'd State, which yet was so much the more dangerous, as it was quite new to her ; not to mention that she could not struggle, because of her utter Inexperience this way. However, the Violence of the Prince's Desires now began to terrify her, so that she gave him a gentle Repulse. But was he able to comprehend any thing ? In these soft Tumults, her Garter, which perhaps had been carelessly tied on, fell to the Ground. The Politeness of *Tanzai*, who was naturally complaisant, being increas'd by Love, he offer'd very respectfully to fix it in its Place. To refuse the Prince this Favour, would make him fancy that 'twas of mighty Consequence, and only tempt him to extort it ; for this reason she consented, as 'twas not in her Power to do otherwise.

Tanzai,

Tanzai, who had never put on a Lady's Garter, not knowing the Place where it was usually fix'd ; and being, besides in such prodigious Confusion, that had he known it, 'twould have quite slip't his Memory, was so very awkward in putting on that of the Princess, that she scream'd very loud. Her Ladies whisking in at the Noise, the Prince was oblig'd to withdraw. *Ne-adarné* was ask'd the Reason of her Cries. But how could she satisfy 'em ? Princesses do what they please. She made no Answer, and every one was left to her Conjectures. However, she thought it would be proper to guard against the wild Transports of *Tanzai* ; and therefore order'd (but with a Sigh) the Ladies who attended on her, never to leave her alone with him, how much soever this might clash with the Law he had laid down : and was determin'd, merely from a Principle of Virtue, to take all those Precautions against *Tanzai*, which many other Women, after a Scene like that we have describ'd, take against their Lovers merely from Coquetry.



* C H A P. IV.

*Tanzai fixes his Choice. A Skimmer
is presented him.*

THEY who only know Nature and its Impulses, will imagine that, if the Prince was dissatisfied at his going away, the Princess was no less uneasy at his leaving her. They perhaps will fancy that she was vex'd within herself, for having scream'd so loud, as to be heard from her Anti-chamber. They who carry their Reflexions farther, will say, that *Neadarné's* Virtue was put to so hard a Tryal on this Occasion, that she could not be displeased at the Prince's quitting her, but must necessarily have reproach'd herself had she not call'd out for Help in Time. Such is the Misfortune of Heroes, whose History is to be transmitted to Posterity! The Reader passes his Judgment on them, not so much from what they *ought* to have

have done in the Circumstance in which they appear before him, as from what he concludes they *might* have done : He puts himself calmly and seriously in their Place ; and divested of the Passions which fir'd 'em, clears or condemns 'em, according to the Success of their Enterprizes ; but does not once enquire whether the Circumstances would allow 'em Time to deliberate ; or whether their Impulses wou'd permit 'em even to glance at Reflexion. Among the various Classes of Readers, very few examine Incidents with Judgment ; and most who have Abilities for this, are oftentimes very unjust. We therefore shall not fail to argue (whether well or ill the Reader will judge) on *Neadarné's* Conduct. Now, whether it be affirm'd, that she scream'd too soon or too late, 'tis very certain she did scream ; and that many Ladies, on a like Occasion, only threaten their Lovers, or cry out much later than our Princess did.

Neadarné was not yet well recover'd from the Fright into which the Vivacity of the Prince had thrown her,
when

when he came to inform her, that he was just come from the Council, in which he had declar'd his Choice. Divine Princess! said he in the utmost Transport, you are going to be mine. My Passion is too violent to subject it self to Laws, which too fearful a Prudence (now altogether unseasonable) had made me consider as necessary. The rest of the Princesses who were pleas'd to lay claim to my Heart, will leave the Kingdom this very Day. I was determin'd to shorten the cruel Pangs of this Week (which otherwise wou'd have appear'd an Age to me) by declaring my Resolution the very first Day of it. My Eyes will no longer be tortur'd with Objects, which the sight of your numberless Beauties have render'd odious. All things now conspire to my Felicity, and nothing will ever be able to remove it, since you yourself consent to make me happy. *Tanzai!* says she, why do you speak of your Happiness? Do you forget that mine is wholly wrapt up in yours? The King, who entred that Moment into *Neadarné's* Apartment, interrupted

rupted their Discourse. He came to inform the Princess, how greatly he was satisfied with the Choice his Son had made. They debated about the Day on which the Nuptials were to be solemniz'd, and fix'd it to the beginning of the next Week.

The Prince wou'd have been better pleas'd had the Nuptial-day been nearer ; but the noble Pair were to be marry'd with so much Magnificence, that the King was oblig'd to delay it so long, to give Time for making the necessary Preparations. These things being concluded, Proclamation was made that *Tanzai* resolved to marry *Neadarné*, Daughter to the mighty King of *Cocapuchullm*. This Marriage pleas'd the whole Nation, and so much the more, as that King was very powerful, and his Dominions were contiguous to those of *Checbianea* ; not to mention that as *Neadarné* was sole Heir to it, they wou'd both, after the Death of that Prince, be united under *Tanzai*, whose Power wou'd, by that Acquisition, be vastly formidable. The highest Applauses were bestowed on the
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the Prince ; and the Publick ascrib'd to his profound Politicks, what was the mere Effect of Chance and Love. But whilst the People were overjoy'd at this Alliance, 'twas far otherwise with the discarded Princesses. They felt inexpressible Tortures ; and not one of 'em but was troubled for a Week together with a swimming in her Head, and appear'd with dejected Eyes. Some Writers of that Age have not scrupled to assert (which by the way is not over probable) that the Grief of those Princesses, and their Love for *Tanzai* were so extreme, that there was not one among 'em but propos'd, (but very privately) to share with *Neadarné* : However, the Prince was so passionately fond of the latter, that we cannot suppose he wou'd have listn'd to those Offers ; possibly too, the whole may be false : but an undoubted Circumstance is, that he was not so much affected with their Sorrows as to change his Resolution. In the midst of this Profusion of Joys, *Tanzai* was seized with gloomy Reflexions, with regard to the Menaces of *Barbacela*. He call'd

to.

to mind that, without advising with her, he had not only fixed his Choice, but even proclaim'd it to the whole World, without once giving her the least notice of it. He was afraid she wou'd punish him (by withdrawing her Protection) for the little Regard he had shewn her. *Tanzai* was revolving these Thoughts, when word was brought that the Fairy was come. Tho' this Message confus'd him, he nevertheless waited upon her in his Majesty's Apartment. I don't, says *Barbacela*, reproach you for your Choice, for I am extreamly well pleas'd with it; but I cou'd wish you wou'd proceed no further, and suspend your Nuptials with *Neadarné* till such time as you may possess her without Hazard. The Fates do not threaten you with any sinister Accidents, unless you marry before you are twenty Years complete; and you might—— I know, celestial Being, interrupted *Tanzai*, the Advice your Wisdom and Tendernefs for me will now suggest; but I cannot possibly stay any longer; and if I do not soon possess *Neadarné*, I shall die.

What

What Woes soever Fate may have in Store for me, they all will be infinitely more supportable, than the shortest Delay. Besides, I cannot conceive why the Fates should restrain me from marrying before my twentieth Year ; and I can never persuade my self, that an Affair, of so very little Consequence to those Beings, should prompt 'em to torture me. Son, answer'd the Fairy, my Knowledge may extend so far as to foretell the Orders of the Fates ; but, as for the Cause, 'tis (with regard to me) for ever cast in Shades. However, you must always suppose that they have their Reasons, and these you ought to obey, without enquiring into them : This I expected you wou'd have done, tho' I could hardly raise my Hopes so far. Your Calamities will therefore be but too real. Yet still there is a Way, notwithstanding your Marriage, to guard against 'em — 'Tis this.

Saying these Words, the Fairy drew from under her Gown a golden *Skimmer*, three Foot long, the Handle of which (a round one) was three Inches Diameter.

Diameter. This Handle was bor'd ; and the Hole was just large enough for a Chain, made of precious Stones, to pass through it. — What fine Curiosity is that ? says the Prince. — 'Tis a Present, replied the Fairy, my Friendship has reserv'd for you ; and I'll now inform you what Use you are to make of it.

The Day of your Nuptials, you will meet, at a little distance from the Temple, with a little old Woman. Seize her ; and tho' she struggle ever so hard, and use ever so many Entreaties, cram the Handle of this Skimmer, without the least Pity or Remorse, into her Mouth — But, Ætherial Highness, says the Prince, where shall I find a Mouth to fit that Skimmer ? You are not to trouble yourself about that, replied the Fairy : Nor do I myself tell you, that the old Woman won't let you cram it in. But this is not all. The Instant you have drawn the Handle out of this venerable Dame's Mouth, you must fly with it to the High Priest, and make the same Experiment upon him. — The High-

High-Priest ! cried the King; he surely will never suffer *Tanzai* to do that : How ! swallow the Handle of a Skimmer—— I can't say, says the Prince, what he will do ; but this I know, that were I in his Place, no Power in the Universe shou'd cram me in that manner. This, however, continu'd the Fairy, must be attempted, not by Force, but by Persuasion, and all the soothing Arts you can think of. —— Persuasion, however, continued *Tanzai*, wou'd probably succeed better than any other Method you hint at. But suppose he should consent, of what Service will that be to me ? 'Twill divert, replied the Fairy, the Evils with which you are threatned.——But suppose he shou'd not consent to open his Mouth ? continued *Tanzai*. In that case, replied the Fairy, your Marriage will not be solemniz'd ; or otherwise you must submit to the most fatal Accidents which may befall you. —— Oh ! if that be the Case, answer'd he, the High-Priest must and shall swallow the Skimmer.—— I have already told you, says *Barbacela*, that
you

you are not to use Force. But pray tell me, cries *Tanzai*; do you think that a Man, to whom so whimsical a Proposal should be made, would be so silly as to acquiesce with it? This Handle is of so monstrous a Size, that no Mouth, tho' ever so wide, will be capacious enough to take it in. But added he, tho' I am forbid to use forcible Methods, may not I employ Artifice? — You may, answer'd the Fairy; but remember exactly all I recommend to you: Keep the Affair very secret; tye the Skimmer to your Button-hole, and be assur'd, that this Instrument only can extricate you from all your Troubles. — If the Fates, says the Prince, have uncommon Evils for me in store, it must be confess'd, that they prescribe very singular Remedies for them. Remember, once again, says the Fairy, if ever you shou'd be plung'd in Difficulties, never to invoke my Aid, and that 'twill not be in my Power to help you. The Fairy, after saying these Words, disappear'd, and left *Cephaes* and *Tanzai*, the former surpriz'd prodigiously at the Skimmer,
and

and the latter resolutely determin'd to make use of it let what would be the Consequence.



C H A P. V.

Rouffa Blaffarda's *Disdain*. *The Grounds for it. The Consolation that is promis'd her, and by whom.*

THE News of *Tanzai's* Marriage was receiv'd by the Princesses in publick with *Disdain*, in private with Grief. Had this unexpected Turn mortified nothing but their Vanity, that alone would have been Torture sufficient ; but as there was Love in the Case, it was insupportable, and had left such Tumults in there Hearts, as *Disdain* could not hush. The sweetly engaging Prince of *Chechianea* presented himself every Moment to their Imaginations in the utmost Pride of Beauty : One read over again a Copy of Verses he had compos'd in her Praise ; the other call'd to mind a Conversation,

which, tho' courtly in every Respect, was yet enliven'd with some little Glimmerings of good Sense. One call'd to mind a Sigh, and then a kind Glance; the other, tho' she had nothing to remember, did nevertheless recollect something. Each of them thought she had been prefer'd, and all were vex'd to the Soul, as well for having lost so enchanting a Husband as *Tanzai*, as for another Affront still more recent, and which doubtless affected them the more, since they did not dare to complain of it.

Among those who distinguish'd themselves by their Rage, was the haughty *Roussa Blaffarda*, Queen of the Island of *Metiffao*; she boasted the finest Graces, and was the proudest of all the contending Princesses. Whatever she wanted in Charms, she made up in Presumption: An Air of Disdain, when darted from every Part of her Face, deadened all the Beauties of it. She fancied herself a Wit, and tho' she had a competent Share of it, it was yet so harsh, so devoid of Graces, that every one who heard her
speak

speak was shock'd at the Stiffness of
 her Expressions, and the Meanness of
 her Thoughts. Her Shape was as dis-
 agreeable as her Understanding ; her
 very Gesture displeas'd, and each Look
 was a Grimace. Her Complexion, in-
 deed, was Lilly-white, but this was
 eclips'd by the Colour of her Hair, which
 was far from pleasing universally ; and,
 indeed, she had an extreme Contempt for
Brunettes, and look'd upon a fair Com-
 plexion as flat and insipid. To finish
 her Picture, she was cruel, vindictive,
 wicked and perfidious. With all these
 Imperfections, if History may be cre-
 dited, she yet flatter'd herself that
Tanzai lov'd her. 'Twas never well
 known what Foundation she had for
 this, but 'tis probable that her Vani-
 ty, rather than any Fondness in the
 Prince, had inspir'd her with that No-
 tion ; but she had cherish'd it so long,
 that she consider'd his Passion for *Ne-
 adarné*, as an Infidelity with respect to
 her's. That which vex'd her most,
 was, her having relied so much upon
 her own Charms, as to reject the Ad-
 vice and Assistance of an old Fairy who

attended her to *Cheebian*, and had promis'd to incline *Tanzai* in her Favour. But now, the ambitious Princess having lost all Hopes, was forc'd to have Recourse to that aerial *Intelligence*. You hear, says she to her, shuddering with Rage, you hear the joyful Cries and Acclamations of the People, and still I am unreveng'd ! and false *Tanzai*, and my odious Rival are in the midst of Triumph ; no doubt but my Sorrows heighthen the Pleasures they taste. Alas ! can you look calmly on Festivities which reflect Dishonour on us both ? Is not any Affront I receive, the same as if it were put upon yourself ? Have not our Interests been for ever inseperable ? I am insulted ! what do I say ? I am wounded in the most tender Part, still my Eyes have not seen the Blood of the Wretch who betrays me stream from him ! My Rival does not yet suffer all the Tortures which can be inflicted on a Mortal ! All Nature is not yet in Arms to revenge my Cause ! You ! whose bare Word is able to confound all the Elements ; You ! whom I have seen, for
lets

less Crimes, ready to reduce the Universe to its original Chaos : Speak, What is it that restrains your Tongue? Is this formidable Power which shakes the Universe, unactive for me only? The Ingrate was incapable of loving me, and he still is number'd among the Living ! Alas ! my Parent, I no longer am dear to you ; had you breath'd the same Rage I do, my Sorrows must have mov'd you : then the false Wretch, my Rival, the People I so much abhor, would all be vainly fought for in the Universe. Alas ! my Parent, do you forsake me ?

How unjust Daughter, replied the Fairy, are your Afflictions ! Can you imagine, that had it been in my Power, I would not have reveng'd your Injuries even beyond the utmost Bounds of your Wishes ; but a superior Power will not suffer me to strike at the Life of the faithless *Tanzai*. *Barbecela*, whose Nod makes the Universe tremble, and whom, even I am forc'd to obey, protects this odious Couple whom your Rage would destroy ; invisible in their Presence, she would shield them from

all my Blows, and I myself should fall a Victim to her Vengeance. However, tho' I cannot strike at their Lives, I yet am able to embitter the Sweets they enjoy, and will rob them of their Felicity, since 'tis so shocking to you. I indeed could have order'd Things in such a Manner, as to have made *Tanzai* prefer you to your Rival, in case you had desired it ; but as that is too late, rest assured that he shall suffer for the Torments you feel, and, since I cannot make you happy, I am determin'd they both shall be as wretched as yourself. As the fatal Day of their Nuptials is approaching, you shall soon know the kind of Punishment which will be inflicted on them. *Roussa*, flush'd with the Protestations which the Fairy made to revenge her Insult, felt less Tortures in her cruel Bosom ; and now, firmly resolv'd to dissemble her Resentments, she waited impatiently for the Day which no longer appear'd so horrid to her Imagination, because she then hoped to display her Vengeance in the most signal Manner.



CHAP. VI.

The Nuptial Day. Neadarné's Toilet.

THE Day was at last come, the Day on which Sports and Pleasures were to triumph; the most shining Aurora had proclaim'd its Arrival, and a serene, unclouded Sky seem'd to tell the *Chæcian*ans, that the Divinity, who presided over them, was studious to heighten the Joys of their Sovereign. The hallow'd Ape, to whom the Country ow'd its most august Protection, had turn'd threw topsy-turvy on his Pedestel; he indeed had begun the Whirl with his left Leg, but the Spectators, far from being concern'd at this Prognostic, (tho' of so baleful a kind) imagin'd, that as the chief Ape had been ever indulgent to their Prince, he had caper'd in so inauspicious a Manner, merely through Inadvertency. The most superstitious Priests, who as-

sisted at this Ceremony, were also of the same Opinion, which indeed was not ill grounded ; for the Splendor of the Sun was not obscur'd by the least Vapour ; tho' 'twas the Season for Storms, the Voice of Thunder had not been once heard, the Month, in which these Nuptials were to be solemniz'd, was the most fortunate in the whole Year, and the Lover was perfectly recover'd from his rheumatic Pains, which Cure, according to an old Prediction, would never be affected, but when the Prince, his Son, was to joyn propitiously in Marriage.

Already the great Dulcimers enchanted the Ears of the Populace with their Harmony, the Streets strew'd with fragrant Leaves, and variagated Flowers, the Inhabitants dress'd in their richest Habits, and the Militia under Arms, began to give the Spectators a pompous Idea of the ensuing Festivities ; the Temple echoed with the solemn Prayers which the Priests offer'd up in Favour of their Sovereign. All Things were at least ready, when *Tanzai*, transported with Love and Joy, wen
and

and awak'd the Princess. She waited his coming in Bed. The Moment she saw him arrive, a Blush of Modesty o'erspread her Cheeks ; she would have made him a Compliment, but *Cupid* making the Sounds expire on her ruby Lips, she could only cry, Oh Prince ! my dearest Prince ! *Tanzai*, in equal Confusion, was unable to breathe the least Answer. 'Twas a Custom in *Chechianea*, for the Princes only to dress their Brides on their hymeneal Days ; but at the same time they were strictly forbid by a Decree of the chief Ape, to give a loose to those Wishes, when the Sight of the Charms they should discover might inspire. As the Princess had been told the Custom of the Country, she was not under any Apprehensions when all her Female Attendants left the Chamber.

Tanzai no sooner found himself alone with *Neadarné*, but he took Advantage, spite of her great Modesty, of the princely Custom. It was with difficulty he persuaded this Beauty, whom he ador'd, to leave her Bed. She stood on his C 5

disputed

disputed a long Time, and, like a Person of high Birth, the Prince's fond Claim. However, notwithstanding the prodigious Care *Neadarné* took to conceal from the Eyes of her prying Lover a Blaze of Charms, which she must suffer him to rifle that Night, she yet could not prevent his discovering her in that Disorder, in which every Person must necessarily be who turns often in Bed.

What an Object was this for *Tanzai*, and how strangely would he have infring'd the Injunctions of the Ape, had not the pious *Neadarné* check'd his wild Transports! Persons who have been in Love assure us, that 'tis a much greater Punishment for a Man who is fond to Excess, to obtain a Sight of Beauties which he is not permitted to enjoy, than to be quite debarr'd the enchanting Prospect. If this be true, the Prince was in a most terrible situation. *Neadarné*, who call'd to mind the Inconveniencies which the dropping off her Garter had like to have occasion'd, oppos'd the princely Custom with all her Might; and no sooner per-

perceiv'd that the Eyes of *Tanzai* were roving after something else than her's, but she instantly cover'd what too studious a Care to veil her whole Person, had left expos'd to View. 'T would be injurious to the Princess, should it be surmis'd that her Conduct, in this last Circumstance, was mere Artifice. Possibly in that Age, the amorous Part of the Fair were not so well skill'd as at this time, in the Art of exciting fond Wishes without a Design of gratifying them. Perhaps Women have been oblig'd, through Necessity, to have recourse to this Expedient; and Lovers of former Days might not stand in need of certain Practices, which often fails the Ladies of the present Age: Be that as it will, 'tis prov'd that *Neadarné* was so beloved by the Prince, that she had no occasion to employ these coquettish Artifices. *Tanzai* groan'd dreadfully when the cruel Modesty of *Neadarné* bereav'd him at once of so sweet a Succession of Delights. Barbarous Creature! says he, — Alas! Prince, says she, the Ape. — Were I dear to you, replied he,

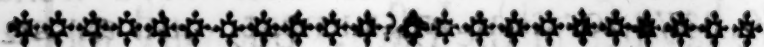
he, would you not have banish'd him for ever from your Remembrance. Did I not love you, says she, with the utmost excess of Passion, his Menaces would not haunt my Imagination every Moment of my Life.

Tanzai, venting a deep Sigh, intreated her to bath, which occasion'd a Contest with respect to the Ceremony that should be observ'd; but at last, the Obstinacy of the Prince was forc'd to yield to *Neadarné's* Virtue. He argued for some time about a Bathing-Vest, which, for a long time, he did not think of any Use; but being afterwards convinc'd that it absolutely was so, he resolv'd to help her on with it. This the Princess consented to, firmly persuaded there would be no Indecency in indulging him so small a Favour; and indeed a Woman has no occasion to be under any Apprehensions when 'tis not a Lover who is employ'd in such an Office. *Neadarné* imagin'd that this was all would be requested of her, but when the Prince had brought the Bathing-Vest, another Contest arose; he wanted—What did he not want?—
Things

things that shock'd the Princess's Modesty, and which she certainly never would have consented to, had she had time to dispute with him. He therefore now enjoy'd, at full Liberty, the Sight of her most refin'd Beauties, and being unable either to restrain himself entirely, or give an unbounded Loose to his Transports, he contented himself with bestowing unnumber'd Kisses, which Love never imprints with greater Fury, than when it is forbid to proceed farther. He afterwards went to lay her in the Bath, but very soberly, his Eyes not being satisfy'd with drinking in her Flow of Beauties, nor his Arms with supporting so delicious a Burthen. Scarce was she yet in, but *Tanzai* was exasperated at the encircling Element, which, though clear as Crystal, he yet thought not limpid enough. 'Twould be impossible to relate the several Proposals he made her, or her various Digressions; in a Word, no Lady was ever more ruffled on such an Occasion. And now *Neadarné* rose from the Stream, poorly bath'd, but throughly convinc'd that

Tanzai

Tanzai loved her to Distraction. At last the Prince, after infinite Pains, array'd her in such Manner, that she ventur'd to appear in Publick. Her Head-dress had never been put on so carelessly as that Day, but Love himself had assisted on this Occasion, and its well known, that when he attends at a Toilet, he is never very studious about Regularity ; or else he is not deeply smitten, when he is not extreemly awkward.



CHAP. VII.

Sequel of the Bridal-Day. Tryal of the Skimmer. The Anger of Saugrenutio ; and his Refusal.

THE Sound of the Trumpets of *Clorians*, gave Notice to the People, that their Sovereigns were coming forth. At last *Neadarné* reveal'd herself, being conducted by the Prince. The gay Circumstances that so lately pass'd at her Toilet, had call'd up a Blush in her

her Cheeks which heighten'd her Beauty, and the soft Wishes of *Tanzai*. The King rode in the same Chariot with them. The Prince was dress'd that Day in a most magnificent Habit, and his splended Skimmern ow thrown over him like a Shoulder-belt, fasten'd at Top by a Chain of Jewels and Diamond Glasp, was a noble Ornament to his Person.

Neadarné, as well as any one else, had always been very much surpriz'd at the particular Fondness he seem'd to have for that Instrument, and as no one knew it's Poperties, all had imputed it to the Whims that Princes sometimes have ; which, as they don't think proper to account for 'em, so no one dares to ask any Questions. All the Courtiers in general thought the Skimmer made a very ridiculous Figure, and yet there was not any of 'em but wou'd have been proud to wear one. *Neadarné*, being at last determin'd to pierce into a Mystery which had long urg'd her Curiosity, imagin'd this was the most favourable Moment she could make choice of to gratify it. Spring of my Joy !

Joy ! says she to the Prince, with an Air of the utmost Fondness, will you never inform me of the Use of the Skimmer ? Princess, says he, very gravely, this Instrument is to pronounce our Fate, and will make us either happy or miserable. How ! says she, that Skimmer ! what Relation can it bear to us ? You shall know presently, say he, and you, perhaps, may see Things of a most extraordinary Nature. They had no sooner spoke these Words, but they arriv'd at the Temple, when the High Priest, at the Head of his Brethren, was waiting for 'em. This Man, whose Character 'tis absolutely necessary to make known, being less studious of the Worship of the Gods than of his private Interest, had rais'd himself to this exalted Dignity, merely by Intrigue and Artifice. Greatly fear'd, tho' esteem'd by few, he often employ'd a Power, which Religion render'd absolute, to oppose the Will of even Majesty it self. He was young, but very agreeable in his Person, a Circumstance that perhaps had done him more Service at Court then all his Cabals.

bals. A miserable Divine, but a Delight of the Fair ; carelefs of his Sacerdotal Function , and devoting all his Hours to their Service. A Rumor prevail'd, that he had glided from a Lady's Chamber to the Pontificate of *Chechian*. Curious to the most excessive Nicety in his Dress, affected in his Expressions, stiff in his Behaviour, sumptuous in his Equipage, delicate in his Luxury ; a Sport of every Passion, an artful Courtier, an impious Prelate, a delightful Ballad-maker, and a pleasant Story-teller ; he found an hundred smart Epigrams, but as for the Homilies, those he left to his Secretary. He was a vain Creature, very sparkish, and particularly proud of his Cherry Lips, and his white Teeth. Such was the illustrious Personage who waited for the King.

The Instant *Tanzai* was alighted, he look'd about for the old Woman whom *Barbacela* had spoke to him of. At last he spy'd her, crouching behind the Guards, in order to escape his Search, upon which he immediately run up to her ; but how greatly was he surprized that Instant

stant when he knew her to be *Roussa's* Nurse! However, he held her fast, but thinking it necessary to soften by a Compliment the Violence he was going to commit, 'tis with the greatest Regret, says he, that I am absolutely constrain'd to execute on your Person, the Orders I have receiv'd. Pray good Mother, I should take it as a prodigious Favour, if you would submit patiently to what I am going to require from you. — What's to be done! says the Dame — A mere Trifle, replied the Prince, in the main; you see the Handle of this Skimmer, I'm only to cram it down your Throat. Down thine! barbarous Wretch! says she. — None of your Insults, replied *Tanzai*, with Dignity; you must; and since you make so ill a Return to my Civilities — you shall. Here! lay hold of that old Woman, says he. The Guards then seizing her, she was forc'd to submit to the Prince's Will. Notwithstanding the uncommon Wideness of her Mouth, the Handle was of so enormous a Size, that the bare Sight of it made her tremble. *Tanzai* went up to the old Woman,

man,

man, and, spite of the Passion she was in, he prepar'd to make her undergo this new kind of Punishment. But tho' he shew'd the utmost Dexterity in the Operation, tho' the Mouth he made it upon was of an enormous Size, the Narrowness broke the only two Grinders the old Woman had left; one half of the Spectators burst out a laughing, whilst the rest pitied the mumbling Victim, and all were utterly ignorant of the Cause why the Prince committed an Act of so much Violence. The High Priest was particularly surprized, that so very indecent an Action had been done at the very Gates of the Temple. He express'd his Resentment aloud, but was much more offended when *Tanzai*, after drawing out the Handle, ran up to him with it.—— Come, come, says he, make haste old *Reverend*, the whole depends on your Dispatch.—— How! cries *Saugrenutio*. I say, continues the Prince, that your *Reverend* must lick this Handle.

Lick this Handle! says the Priest; not me answered the Pontiff! you surely cou'd never fancy that I would comply with

with such a Proposal. I surely did, answer'd *Tanzai*, and relied so much on your good Nature, that I imagin'd you would not disobey, when I should assure you that my Happiness depended on this Ceremony: I really expected you would shew so much Complaisance to me; but faith and troth, Sir, your Highness does not consider. — (And, not to mention that my Honour is so nearly concern'd in the Affair,) what Man, who had but seen the wide Mouth out of which you just now pull'd this Handle, or had a Mouth to lose, would yield to what you require? Besides, if, notwithstanding the horrid Width of that old Woman's Mouth, still the Handle could not be thrust down without breaking her few Teeth; what a miserable Chance should I stand, who have all mine? In one Word, I never will obey. — But you shall, replies the Prince (now highly exasperated;) my Happiness depends upon it, says he, (shaking his dreadful Skimmer;) and I'll never suffer this silly Squeamishness of yours to destroy it. — By all that's! — cries *Saugrenutio*, if your Highness comes

comes near me, I shall ! indeed shall I.

Tanzai, hearing this Insolence, was going to lay the Skimmer over his Head, when *Saugrenutio*, (running into the midst of the sable Brethren) seem'd to wait for him like a second *Hercules*. The Populace, who are ever superstitious, were for the Pontiff, whilst the Courtiers, who never fail to flatter, declared for the Prince : All Things seem'd to denounce War, when *Tanzai*, directing himself to the Pouplace, gave them a most circumstantiated Account of the Origin of the Skimmer ; the Injunction *Barbarcela* had laid upon him, to exercise it on the High Priest ; how he had thrust it into the old Womans Jaws ; and the Necessity he was under of obeying the Command which was laid upon him, in order to ward off the Calamity with which he was menac'd.

The Prince having done speaking, *Saugrenutio* desired to be heard : He observ'd to them, that 'twas unheard of, that a High Priest, a Man whose Character render'd him so venerable, should stoop to so flagrant an Indecency:
Yet

Yet nevertheless, obedient to the Precepts of his Function, he would have obey'd without murmuring, had the tremendous Handle been mention'd in any one of 'em ; or had he read in any Book, that a High Priest, within the Kingdom of *Chechianea*, or elsewhere, had lick'd the Handle of a Skimmer, especially in the Condition in which it was presented to him : But what do I say ? — lick'd — Would to Heaven, O *Chechianians* ! continu'd he, that licking were all, but alas ! a most barbarous Attempt is design'd. The horrid Outrage, which has been committed on that old Woman, shews the deplorable Loss I my self should sustain. — Even the Loss, not only of my Teeth, but of my Honour. Oons ! *Chechianians* ! the bare Thoughts of it make me shiver ; the Prince determines that his Happiness is blended in that Skimmer ; what's that to me ? Must I destroy myself purely to preserve him ? No, no, Gentlemen ; I never can, nor will, consent ; and should he mention it to me any more, I'll this Instant load him with

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with the Curse of the great Ape, and suspend the nuptial Ceremony.

The fatal Threat was no sooner pronounc'd, but the Prince turn'd pale, *Neadarné* burst into Tears, the King shudder'd, the common People were astonish'd, and *Saugrenutio's* Anger was abated.

Nevertheless, *Tanzai*, excited by the Violence of his Passion, forgot all the Fairy's Menaces; was dead to every Thing but the Possession of his enchanting Princess, and swore to the High Priest, that he would never make the least Attempt to his Prejudice. *Saugrenutio* then set open the Gates of the Temple, on which Occasion Joy and Peace succeeded to Grief and Distraction. *Neadarné*, who trembled for Fear, lest her Nuptials should be suspended, alighted from her Chariot, when, *Saugrenutio*, still, redning with Anger, led 'em to the chief Ape, in whose Presence *Tanzai* and *Neadarné* were to form the delightful Knot which was to unite 'em for ever.

CHAP.



C H A P. VIII.

*The Particulars of Cucumber's
Revenge ; and the Tydings the
Prince received on his Return
to the Palace.*

TH E Marriage was on the Point of Celebration, when a Person came to acquaint the Prince that the old Woman he had lately treated so ill, desired to be admitted into the Temple to see the Ceremony, as a Compensation for the Usage she had sustained, and he was the more inclinable to gratify her Request, since he intended to make her some Apologies for what had past.

Saugrenutio, after he had perfumed the *Ape* with Steams of Incense, began the grand Anthem, and inadvertently open'd his Mouth in such an enormous Manner, that *Tanzai*, whose Thoughts were always intent on the Operation he was directed to perform, imagined he
could

could never have a more favourable Opportunity of gorging him with the Skimmer; and would certainly have succeeded in his Design, amidst the Enthusiasm into which the High Priest was wrapt, if, at the Moment the Instrument approached his Lips, the old Woman had not sneezed so immoderately loud, that *Saugrenutio* started from his Extacy, and beheld the disagreeable Office the Prince was preparing to render him. This Discovery had almost provoked him to break up the Assembly; but as he thought the Prince would be sufficiently punished, by seeing his Purpose defeated, he resolved to compleat the Ceremonial.

In this Disposition he pronounced the sacred Words with a loud Voice, and without any visible Alteration in his Aspect. In the mean time, the old Woman utter'd some barbarous Sounds in a low Tone, and the Moment *Saugrenutio* had concluded, we sprung lightly into the Air, and spit in the Faces of the Prince and *Neadarné*; Be sure to remember thy Skimmer, said she to *Tanzai*, and for ever mourn the Vengeance

gence of the Fairy Cucumber. At these Words she disappear'd from the View of the Spectators, who were all struck with Confusion at this Prodigy. *Neadarné* was ready to sink down in a fainting Fit; but the Prince who was no extraordinary Adept in Physick, maintain'd that the old Crone vanished from their Sight by Virtue of no Secrets, but such as are common; and that, as to the Revenge she had threaten'd, he had no Reason to be apprehensive of its Effects, since none of the Marks of it had as yet appeared on himself or the Princess.

Most of the Company seem'd convinced by his Reasons; but the King was in no little Consternation, not so much at *Cucumber's* Menaces, as because the Great Ape had been gnawing his Tail, and scratching his left Buttock all the Time they stood before the Alter.

They, at last, quitted the Temple, and the Prince made it his first Care to send to *Roussa's* Apartment, in order to be informed whether the old Woman was returned: But he was told, that the

Moment

Moment she became invisible in the Temple, she arrived at *Roussa's* Lodgings, in a Chariot drawn by two Snails, that shot thro' the Air with a surprising Rapidity; that the old Fairy carried off the Princess immediately, and that both of them had disappeared the next Instant.

This unexpected Sight was very mortifying to the King, who had flatter'd himself with the Hopes of detaining the Sorceress, till she had dissolved the Charm, with which he feared she had affected the wedded Pair. He however conceal'd his Apprehensions, lest his melancholy Conjectures should effectually disconcert the Pleasures of so august a Festival.

Tanzai's Thoughts were so entirely devoted to his tender Passion, that he had but little Opportunity of sharing his Father's Inquietudes. He perpetually beheld his dear *Neadarné* with such ardent Transports, as result from impatient Desires of Happiness. The Princess modest and silent heard him with Distraction. seeming at the same time, to have her

D 2

Mind

Mind employ'd on some important Affair. What, my charming Princess said he, are the Ideas that cause you to appear so contemplative? I know not whether I ought to disclose them to you, replied *Neadarné*: Is it possible, cried he, that my Fears should be just, and that you have resign'd your self to my Wishes with Reluctance? Ah! continued he, imprinting a tender Kiss on her fair Hand; relieve me from my Apprehensions, and tell me that you will never cease to love me. I can no longer believe it, the Moment you cease to afford me that Assurance: Impart to me at least, the Subject that at present employs your Thoughts. It will be difficult for me to inform you of the Particulars, said she, and I am desirous of more than I can well imagine, added she, with a rosy Blush. My Virgin Scruples would oppose your Emotions that disquiet them, and I could wish, in order to close this Contest, that the Gods would condescend to shorten this Day. You speak, and I am lost in Admiration; I fix my Eyes upon you, and sigh while I behold you: You affect me with

Tanzai and Neadarné. 77

with unusual Impressions, and a gentle Discomposure steals my Heart. The Kiss you impressed on my Hand, has penetrated to my very Soul; and when the Violence of your Desires causes you to approach your Lips to mine, my Heart dissolves in sudden Extacies; a soft thrilling shoots thro' all my Senses, and involves them in Confusion. Ah, my dearest Prince! thou only Joy of my Soul! if there be any Pleasures that exceed these, is it possible to enjoy them without expiring? Any Pleasures that exceed these, replied the Prince? Ah thou lovely Queen of my Life, cannot your own soft Desires teach you to guess them, and do you not even discover them in those, with which you behold me transported?

It is not easy to determine in what Manner this Conversation would have ended, if a Messenger had not acquainted them, that their Presence was expected at the Banquet. *Tanzai*, who would have been much better pleased with the Hour of Midnight, than the Feast that awaited him, prepared himself, however, to join the Company,

with some Hopes of making the High Priest a Convert to his Desires. That Prelate was obliged to pay his Attendance at the Festival, and tho he imagined his Presence would not be very acceptable at Court, in the present Conjunction of his Affairs, he however thought it now adviseable to dissemble his Resentment, with the Air of a skillful Politician. The Prince, who resolv'd to gain upon him, if possible, by gentle Methods, met him in the Hall, and asked him in an amicable Manner, whether he was determin'd to render his Life miserable, by persisting in the Obstinacy he had discovered? Prince, replied *Saugrenutio*, I can say no more to you than you have already heard me express: And, besides the Indecency of the Action in it self, the Handle of that same Skimmer is so immoderately large, that it renders my Obedience impossible. Are these then the Effects of that Zeal you boasted for my Service? cried the Prince; Ah! thou perfidious Subject: No uncivil Language, Sir, retorted the Priest, for I can assure you it will not
cause

cause you to succeed a Moment the sooner. My Respect for you is as profound as possible ; my Attachment to your Interest is perfectly sincere, and my Intentions are entirely pure, but I must acquaint you, at the same Time, that I have not sworn to be a Victim either to the one or the other, and the Affair of the Skimmer was never comprehended in my Promise of Obedience. You shall obey me notwithstanding, Traitor as you are ! cried the Prince inflamed with Rage : I tell you you shall obey, added he, seizing him by the Arm. Z — ds, Sir, exclaim'd *Sanguenutio*, I am resolved not to comply with the least Tittle, and you shall find your Violence as ineffectual as your Intreaties. But notwithstanding all the Efforts of the High Priest, the Prince, who was young and vigorous, would infallibly have plunged the fatal Handle into his Mouth, if the King, whom the Noise had caused to hasten thither, had not represented to his Son, that he was prohibited by the Fairy, from having Recourse to any Compulsion, and that he would only render himself odious

by what he now offer'd to the High Priest. The King's Arrival was very fortunate for *Saugrenutio*; for the Prince then left him, and swore never to think of the Affair any more. The Priest, reanimated by this Assurance, placed himself at the Table, and blessed the Dishes, and Joy began to spring in every Heart.

Tanzai, who had not quitted his first Design, and being persuaded he should effectually accomplish it, if *Saugrenutio* would but drink to such a Degree, as to fall asleep at the Table, which was very customary with him; took particular Care to have more Wine fill'd out for him, than would have sufficed half the Guests: (This Precaution was however ineffectual) for *Saugrenutio* eat and drank, and sung Catches, and Talk'd, and still continued sober. The Feast concluded at last, and the rest of the Day was employed in those Pleasures that usually attend the Nuptials of Princes. But how tedious did they all appear to *Tanzai*? And how frequently did he wish for their Conclusion? Of what a stupid Length did he think the Comedy,

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Comedy, tho' it was his own Composition? and with how much Reluctance did he behold himself obliged to assist at Supper? Neadarné, on whom his Eyes were continually fixed, shew'd likewise her Impatience: The King abruptly propos'd a Ball to his Son; but Tanzai, whom every Circumstance chagrined, took the Princess by the Hand; wished his Majesty a good Night, and retired into his own Apartment.





Tanzai and Neadarné.

B O O K II.

C H A P. IX.

The Nuptial Night.

O Luminous Ape ! Parent of Nature ! Prolific Eye of the World ! Radiant Sun, retard for some Moments, thy Beams Return ; and, if possible, may thy divine Rays illustrate the Joys of our Prince : After this Exclamation of the *Cheebianian* Author, which I perhaps have translated improperly enough, he repeats, as the Reader may see in the preceeding Chapter, that the Prince led off *Neadarné*. He divested her of her Bridal Habit, as the History informs us, with more Expedition than he had dressed her in the Morning. The Princess was seized with a silent
Con

Tanzai and Neadarné. 83

Confusion, that renderd her incable of beholding him, and the Transports of *Tanzai*, astonish'd her beyond Expression. She had sometimes an Inclination to oppose them, but her Resistance was defeated by her Duty, and Love still more persuasive and prevailing, prompted her to gentle Compliances, and triumphed over her rising Blushes. *Tanzai* had at last laid her on the nuptial Couch, and immediately placed himself at her Side, where his Eyes, with the Avidity of a Lover, devoured the Beauties that Hymen had resign'd to his Disposal: He kissed what he beheld, and again beheld what he kissed. His roving Hand wandered o'er a Waste of Charms, and *Neadarné* soon perceived her Coyness succeeded by a Warmth of new Impressions, that diffused themselves through all her Soul. She breathed a gentle Sigh, and, with a soft Submission to the pleasing Emotions of *Tanzai*, she at last suffer'd her Transports to express themselves in a tender Kiss. The most alluring Accents had already stollen from their Lips; the amorous Sound of their Sighs had been frequently

frequently repeated in the Chamber, and *Tanzai* began to imagine himself in the full Possession of his Bliss, when he suddenly found his Desires unattended with a suitable Power. In vain did he clasp the Princess in his Arms, amidst his Astonishment at an Accident so little expected. In vain did he endeavour to procure a Remedy for his Misfortune, from the most tender Caresses. Every Circumstance contributed to irritate his Desires, but there was nothing that could enable him to give the Princess any Experience of their Energy. Surprised and confounded at the Condition to which he perceived himself reduced, he disengaged himself from the Arms of the beautiful *Neadarne*, in a Persuasion that his Incompetency would soon be dissipated, and that even she would favour him with her gentle Endeavours to remove it.

But how infinite was his Astonishment, when, at the very Instant he implored the Aid of a Hand so precious, he became sensible that he should employ it to no Effect? He no more beheld any Object on which the Princess could bestow

flow her Bounties ; he soon knew the Consequence of its Loss, and the more unusual it appear'd, the less retrievable he judg'd it would prove. O Ape ! O just Ape ! cry'd he, O my Princess ! O Day for ever detestable ! O abominable Priest ! What means this sudden Despair said the Princess ? from what Cause is it occasion'd ; and am not I permitted to share it ? Alas ! reply'd *Tanzai*, your Part in it will prove but too considerable, and I should be happy, indeed, if it only related to myself. You conceal it from me too long, said she, behold it then with your own Eyes rejoyn'd the Prince, and judge if my Complaints be not founded on the most cruel of all Accidents.

The Princess, at these Words, began to consider him with Attention, and tho' she declared herself perfectly unacquainted with the Manner in which he ought to appear, she was yet exceedingly surpriz'd at the Condition in which she beheld him. O my Prince, said she, clasping with him at tender Embrace. Ah ! cease those Caresses, cry'd he, that only redouble my Calamity ;
or

or rather, continued he, folding her in his Arms, render me your gentle Aid, since you alone can reinstate me in my primitive Form ! If I cannot regain it by your Means, I am for ever undone ! When he had finish'd these Words, he replac'd her on the bridal Couch, and, as he found his Desires still raging with the same Violence, he was unable to comprehend why they did not restore him any part of what he lost. Amidst these Agitations, he discover'd such Charms as made him sigh with Rage ; till oppress'd with rage and Fatigue, he thought it adviseable to place himself quietly at her Side, as much embarrassed in his Thoughts of what would be the Event, as he was with what had actually happen'd already.



CHAP. X.

*The Sequel of the Nuptial Night ;
with the Adventure that accrew'd
to Tanzai from the Skimmer.*

WILL you never, said *Neadarné*, acquaint me with the Cause of what I now behold ? Will you not impart to me the Particulars of that Change which you regret with so much Anxiety ? Let me conjure you, by your dear self, to satisfy my impatient Curiosity ! You shall be obeyed, *Madam*, replied *Tanzai*. You afflict me with an Addition to my Misfortunes without designing it, and they are render'd still more insupportable by my fatal Necessity of Sharing them with you ; you whom I adore ; you who are the Object of my softest Vows ; you, from whose Charms I promised myself a happier Lot than I experience at present.

Has

Has this Calamity never happened to any but you then? replied the Princess. Others, besides myself, said he, have been sensible of a Languor on the like Occasion, that has been destructive to their Joys; but this Annihilation, which usually results from an Excess of Love, is but of a short Continuance, and is at least capable of some Relief. Love itself can repair that transient Defect; but your Compassion, in my Case, is altogether unavailing. Your Tenderness and mine, with every other Circumstance, will be render'd ineffectual. Let me inform you of the Particulars of my Misfortune.

He then briefly acquainted her with the Menaces of *Barbacela*; the Present she made of the Skimmer; the Functions in which he had been directed to employ it; with his Resentment against *Saugrenutio*, whom he charged with the Event of that Night.

I never imagined, continu'd he, that a Day so gloriously to me as the last, should be the Harbinger of my Misfortunes, and have such a fatal Close. That Day which I believed would be
the

the happiest Portion of my Life; has cover'd me with more Confusion than I ever exprienced till then. I may venture to declare, without boasting, (tho' perhaps he boasted a little) that of all Mankind, I am the Person who had the least Cause to be apprehensive of the Accident I have now sustain'd. *Barbacela* had accommodated me in so surprizing a Manner, as makes me astonish'd that her Present, which became dear to me, by your intended Participation of its Effects, should disappear on a sudden, without my knowing any thing of the Matter.

At the Close of these Words, his Tears began to flow anew. Ah my dear Prince! said *Neadarné*, embracing him, do you imagine then that such an Accident as this, can diminish my Affection for you! believe me, I should thank Heaven for this Event, could you only support it with Moderation. When your Desires had been fully gratified, you might possibly have lov'd me no longer; but Fate has now presented me with an Expedient for preserving your Heart entirely to myself.

myself. I confess it would have been more agreeable to me to have satisfy'd your Passion, but might I not have hazarded the Extinction of it by that Indulgence; and what can be more delightful to me, than to see you love me without changing? What can be a more engaging Satisfaction to a Heart inspired with Delicacy? And of what Consequence are the Pleasures you so much regret, when they cease to be blended with Love? No, my dearest Prince, there is not one of them that can ever claim the least Competition with the Joys that affect me, when I declare I love you. Besides, what is it that we have now lost? Those tender Transports you have created in my Soul, and which I still experience in your charming Presence, have no Dependence on what you no longer possess. Shall I not enjoy the perpetual Pleasure of embracing you, and will you not return me the Profusion of my Caresses, and be constantly enhancing the Loss you have sustain'd? Ah *Neadarné*, cried the afflicted Prince, how different would be the Language you now
utter,

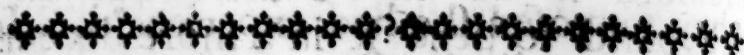
utter, had you the least Idea of that Benefit, whose Loss I now deplore! Be it so, reply'd she, I am sensible you have Reason to be afflicted, but our Union will not be disconcerted by this Misfortune.

I believe the same, said he, but do you imagine it would have lost any of its Vivacity, had I continued in my former State? My dear Prince, replied *Neadarné*, the Gods have inspired me with a salutary Thought amidst the Perplexity that attends us. The Fairy had doubtless her Reasons for presenting you with the Skimmer, since a Gift of that Nature would have been ridiculous, were it not attended with some peculiar Virtue. The Accident you have now experienced, results from *Cucumber's* infernal Rage; and I am persuaded the Enchantment will be dissolved, by a proper Application of the Skimmer.

May the Gods reward you for your admirable Counsel! cry'd the Prince. How happy are you to retain such a Presence of Mind amidst so great a Calamity! He immediately sprung to the Skimmer, and

and, while he rubb'd it with all his Strength, when he thought it would be most availing, he ask'd the Princess if any thing was presented to her View? and the Moment she answer'd in the Negative, the Prince intending to repeat the Operation, found the Skimmer immoveable, and incorporated with his Skin, in such a Manner, as made it impossible for him to disengage it by all the Efforts he could use. He was therefore oblig'd to leave it where it was fix'd, after he had suffer'd incredible Torments, and he was not a little perplex'd to know how to proceed, should it continue in that Situation. Day, at last, began to make its Appearance, and *Neadarne* being extremely fatigu'd, sunk into a calm Slumber after she had exhorted the Prince to take the same Repose; but he was too much imploy'd by his Adventures, to derive any Benefit from her Counsel, and he pass'd the Remainder of the Night in unavailing Efforts. He was chiefly disquieted to think how he should be able to carry the Skimmer about him, without appearing ridiculous

diculous to all the Court. He endeavour'd to bend it in a more decent Disposition, but it continued inflexible to his utmost Strength. Whenever he drew it towards him, it entirely cover'd his Face, and incommoded him beyond Expression; till at last Sleep stole upon him, while he was tormenting himself with these disagreeable Ideas. The Anxieties and Fatigues he had sustain'd, procured him such a long Slumber, that *Neadarné*, who awaked before him, had sufficient time to contemplate *Barbacela's* fatal Present. *Tanzai*, after he had shifted himself into a Variety of different Postures, lay on his Back at last, and the Skimmer, in that Situation, almost ascended to the Tester of the Bed. The Princess was lost in the Imaginations created in her by this View, and became doubtful in herself, whether what the Prince had lost, could, notwithstanding all he had said in its Favour, be equivalent to what he had now acquired.



C H A P. XI.

Containing Events of very little Importance: A Council assembled; and to what Purpose.

THE Prince had slept for a considerable Time, when the King, who had been anxious for the Success of that Night, enter'd the Apartment, attended by the Captain of the Guards, and the greatest Part of the Court; but all his Gravity could not preserve him from a loud Laugh, when he beheld the prodigious Appearance which the Prince exhibited to his View: and when he had applauded himself for the new Merit he discover'd in his Son, he expressed abundance of insipid Mirth, with Relation to the Night he imagin'd the Princess had past. The Courtiers, astonish'd at the Enormity of what they saw; diverted themselves with Pleasantries more agreeable to the Conditon they ascribed

to

to *Neadarné*, in Consequence of what they supposed she had experienc'd. In a Word, all the Company were unable to conceive how the Prince could so long be capable of concealing the Majesty of what they then beheld. The King, being at last recovered from the first Emotions of his Joy, and thinking it unnatural for his Son to continue in that Situation, advanc'd with an Intention to inform himself more particularly of the Affair before him; when *Neadarné* uncover'd the Pavilion, and gave the whole Company a View of the Skimmer in its full Extent. Inexorable Ape! cried *Cephaes*, What do mine Eyes behold! The Prince, whom this Exclamation awaked, was struck with Desperation to see the whole Court Spectators of an Accident he was desirous of concealing: But as his Wit supplied him with an Expedient in that disagreeable Conjunction, he told his Father, that *Neadarné*, after having rallied him for the Space of an Hour on the Subject of the Skimmer, at last challeng'd him to raise it in the Form it now appear'd; that
 he

he immediately convinced her the Affair was practicable ; and his Eyes being afterwards closed with Sleep, the Perpendicular had continued without his knowing how. The Courtiers seem'd satisfy'd with this Account, as absur'd as it appear'd, and then retired to give the Princess an Opportunity of rising. When the Prince was alone with his Father, he acquainted him with the Particulars of the Calamity he had suffer'd, and concluded with some Expostulations on the Difficulty he should experience in carrying the Skimmer, so as to prevent it from being seen by any Person. *Cephaes*, after he had meditated for a considerable Time, propos'd twenty insignificant Expedients one after another, and at last, acknowledg'd the Affair to be very perplexing. *Tanzai* was of Opinion the Skimmer might be filed off, but neither Files, nor any other Instruments, could make the least Incision in its Solidity. The King not knowing what to think, said he was going to Council, and he accordingly left the Bride and Bridegroom by themselves. When the
Council

Council was assembled, the King acquainted them with what had happen'd to the Prince. No one was surpriz'd at this Account ; for the Elevation of the Skimmer had not met with all the Credulity the Prince expected, and the People had discuss'd the Affair in its natural Circumstances ; not that they were perfectly acquainted with all the Particulars, but several confused Reports were dispers'd thro' the City. Some were pleas'd to say, the Prince had a Skimmer fasten'd in a Place where *Neadarné* had Reason to expect less Measure, and better Materials. Others again affirm'd (but this was only whisper'd) that *Tanzai* was wholly transformed into a Skimmer ; that he had been seen walking on the Terras of his Apartment in that Figure, and that an Officer of the Palace had talk'd with him a long while under that Form.

However impertinent and incredible this Rumour was, it gain'd Credit with the People, who are, at least as stupid as credulous, never be-

liev'd any Thing more firmly than what is the most improbable.

After the Council had inform'd the King of all these Reports, they took into Consideration the uncommon Disaster that had befallen *Tanzai*. One said, some new Dress must be brought in Fashion that would conceal the Deformity; another was of Opinion, that the Skimmer must be bent; a third insisted that it must be filed off; and, *Saugrenutio* maintain'd, that it was necessary to consult the *Ape*. Body of me! cry'd the King, I knew all this before, endeavour to tell me something that I have not thought on. Your Majesty's Segacity is so great, that—— The Devil! replies the King in much Passion, excellent Counsellors truly; but what must be done in this Extremity? Even what your Majesty pleases answer'd they.

The King's Anger was at the Height, when one of the Counsellors, who formerly was a Surgeon, averr'd that he would extract the Skimmer with the Point of his Scissars; that by making

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making an Incision all around, and carrying it beyond the *Scrotum*, he was sure of gaining his Point ; that the Prince indeed might happen not to recover, but it would still be an extraordinary Operation.

The King's first Thought was to punish this impertinence, and was just going to ask the Council's Advice, who would not have fail'd to have hang'd him out of Complaisance to his Majesty, when *Saugrenutio* insisting strongly upon having the Ape consulted, said there was no other way to restore the Prince to his pristine Condition, than to learn his Destiny ; the Council not knowing any thing better to propose, concurr'd with him, and broke up. The King then return'd to his Son, and *Saugrenutio* hasten'd to the Temple to prepare the *Ape* to deliver the Oracle.



CHAP. XII.

*Oracle pronounc'd by the Ape.
Departure of the Prince.*

THE Afflictions under which the Prince laboured, the wrong'd *Saugrenutio* too well lik'd, to be sincerely concern'd at them. As 'twas wholly in his Power to dictate the Oracle which the Ape pronounc'd, or to interpret them at Pleasure, he resolv'd to lay hold of the Opportunity which now offer'd. This Resolution, however, was far from being charitable; but a grievous Affront had been put upon *Saugrenutio*, in the Face of the whole People, and, in order that his Vengeance might be attended with less Remorse, he had made the Ape share in the Outrage committed on his Person. 'Twas no longer he who persecuted the Prince, 'twas the Deity who would now Arm himself with all his Terrors; that Deity, who, undisturb'd,
and

rever'd in his Temple, was in reality very little concern'd about the Vexations his Priest suffer'd. *Saugrenutio* was already come into the Chancel, greatly puzzled with regard to the Turn he should give the Oracle, when immediately *Cucumber* the Fairy reveal'd herself to him. I share, said she, thy Resentments, both have receiv'd the same Insult, and both must revenge it. But suppress thy Uneasiness, for I myself will dictate the Oracle. Rely on my Protection, and be assured that I'll revenge thy Cause. — *Saugrenutio*, tho' in the Height of his Devotion, return'd *Cucumber* the most affectionate Thanks, and was still lavishing his Compliments upon her when the King enter'd. He then began to perfume the Ape; and when he asked him in an audible Voice, what the Prince must do, *Cucumber*, unseen by any of the Spectators, pronounc'd very intelligibly, by the Mouth of the Ape, the following Words:

He must set out: He must travel over:

He must lie down: He must return.

The King us'd his utmost Endeavours to unfold this Riddle, but in vain; and, being still more perplex'd than before, he run to tell it the Prince, who, meditating how to break the Incantment, tired *Neadarné* to no Purpose. Says *Tanzai*, after hearing the Decree pronounc'd by the Oracle, What can it mean? — Alas, cry'd the tender *Neadarné*, with a deep Sigh, I am but too sensible of its Import; would to the cruel Gods I found it as obscure as you do! — But why all these Fears, my Princess, continued *Tanzai*. — In the first place, says she, the Oracle bids you leave me, and this is not the only Calamity my Fondness for you makes me dread, you must lie upon the Road. — Alas! says the Prince, did you duly consider the deplorable Condition to which I am now reduc'd, should this give you the least Pain? You weep at a Time when the Fates offer an Expedient to end all our Woes; you are afraid that I shall swerve from my Fidelity. Oh! could you imagine, tho' even the Goddess of Beauty should be destin'd to fill my Arms, that I
could

could ever banish my *Neadarné* from my Memory ; and if Cupid were to convey me to her Embraces, that still your Image would not be always present to my Imagination ; and that, were it not for that charming Idea, it would be possible for me to be cur'd? *Neadarné* wept, and made no Answer. The Prince, tho' strongly affected with her Tears, gave Orders about his Journey, and, after embracing the Princess in the most tender Manner, assuring her he would be ever true, and return with all imaginable speed, left the Palace quite unaccompany'd, when, mounting on Horseback, he was prodigiously perplexed about his Skimmer, but at last thrust it between his Horses Ears. Just before his setting out, he had intreated his Royal Father to assemble the States and the Priests, in order to sentence *Saugrenutio* to lick the Skimmer in case he should get rid of it.



CHAP. XIII.

The miraculous Adventure of the Fairy at the Kettle.

THE Prince had already rambled over three or four Kingdoms, greatly embarrass'd with regard to the Time and Place in which his Peregrination would end, when riding in a very gloomy Forest, he saw a plain old Woman boiling, in a Kettle, a Parcel of Herbs that threw up a surprizingly thick Scum, and which perplex'd her the more, because she had nothing to take it off with. The Prince was troubled to see her toil so much; Dame, says he, methinks you take a vast deal of Pains; Ah! Sir, says she, had I but a Skimmer I should be perfectly easy.—There's no manner of Similitude, says he, in our Grievances; for had I not a Skimmer, I should be happy enough.—Generous Stranger! (cries the Crone) would you but

but lend it me, I'd make you any Returns in my Power.—I should be heartily glad, replied the Prince, to do you this piece of Service, but it cleaves to me in such a Manner, that I am afraid it will be impossible to get it off. But be this as it will, I can skim your Pot, since you want so much to have it skimm'd. He then alighted from his Horse, after having desired the old Woman to step aside, either from his natural Modesty, or because he was not willing to let her see in what manner his Skimmer was fix'd.

Accordingly the Crone withdrew, when the Prince began to skim with all his Might, guiding the Instrument with his Hand; but scarce had he been a Minute at his Work, when lo! the Skimmer dropt off. *Tanzai* seeing this (equally surpriz'd and overjoy'd) shriek'd aloud; upon which the old Woman coming up to him, he was going to tell her his whole Story, when interrupting *Tanzai*, Prince, says she, I am not unacquainted with you; I know you were to travel this way, and that we should do one another a mutual

good Office. I am a Fairy, and I wanted the enchanted Skimmer which *Barbacela* presented you with, in order to give these Herbs a certain necessary Virtue. You see I have done you Service, and I hope to do you more ; you are travelling to the *Isle of Gnats*.— Says *Tanzai*, you sooth me prodigiously ; I will be so frank as to own that I am travelling without knowing whither : But how shall I get to that Island ? — I am forbid to inform you, reply'd the Fairy.—Another Plague ! says he. But do ye think 'twere not better for me to turn back ; for to tell you the plain Truth, I begin to grow weary of these Dilemmas ; at least, cou'd you not tell me what I am to do there ? — Has not, replied the Crone, the Oracle of the chief Ape inform'd you sufficiently of the Matter ? You are going, says she, after an Affair of Gallantry. — An Affair of Gallantry ! says *Tanzai*, and to the *Isle of Gnats* ! Be so good, continues he, as to tell me what Beauty blesses that Place.—Without perplexing, says the Fairy smiling, yourself any longer about this Matter, resolve

resolve only to behave courageously there. — You give me, cries the Prince, an unfavourable Idea of my Conquest, and a Woman who obliges her Lover to rouse his Courage, does not therefore excite his fond Wishes the more. But what important Service is this you intend to do me? You, indeed, have rid me of the Skimmer, but still I am never the near; What would you have any one to do with me in the Condition I am now in? Had you ever so little Regard for the Lady for whose Sake I have travelled thro' so many Countries, you would soon enable me to appear in a decent Manner before her. — 'Twill be impossible for me to do that, reply'd the Fairy, not but the Lady who loves you with so much Tenderness, has Power to restore what you are in want of. However, as too great a Fearfulness may be an Obstacle to your Cure, and that 'tis of great Importance that she may have nothing to reproach you with, I'll present you with a Bottle of this Water; you'll find that 'tis justly call'd Health-Water. The Night when the Incantment is to be dissolv'd, be sure

sure to drink every Drop I'll now give you, just as your stepping into Bed.— If it be so, replied the Prince, you may enlarge your Bounty ; 'tis not that I generally find great Occasion for this Health-Water, but in case this should happen, I should not be sorry to have a larger Quantity of it by me. — I understand you, and will comply with your Desires, reply'd the Fairy ; At your Return to *Chechian*, you'll find thirty Bottles in the Closet. Farewell ; The first Gnat you meet with, saddled and bridled, will convey you to the Place where you are to go.

Immediately she vanish'd, when the Prince, after putting up his Bottle, and refixing his Skimmer, mounted again his Courser, his Thoughts being less employ'd on the approaching Cure, than on the Method by which it was to be affected.



C H A P. XIV.

The Prince's Arrival in the Isle of Gnats.

TANZAI had gone but a very few Leagues, when he met with the Gnat who was to carry him to the Island: He was three times the Size of his Horse, so that he was ready to die with Fear, at the Sight of so monstrous a Creature: However, he recover'd his Spirits, and alighting nimbly, he trusted himself with all the Intrepidity of a Hero, to the Honour and probity of the Beast, who, that Moment he felt him on his Back, carried him aloft in the Air. At last, it began to be dark, and yet the Prince had not got to the End of his Journey; so that he now begun to fear it would continue for ever, when the Gnat descended into an Island, where he heard so prodigious a Buzzing, that his Ears were almost deafned. He now did not doubt but that he was arriv'd in
the

the *Isle of Gnats*; and being greatly perplex'd with the Reflection of the Part he was to act, he suffer'd his Conductors to lead him into a magnificent Palace.

A great Number of Gnats, dress'd in splendid Habits, came and receiv'd him at the Gate, whilst many others were playing on all Kinds of Instruments. 'Tis well known that Gnats have naturally an harmonious Pipe. Some of 'em as were skill'd in Musick, began to sing the Praises of the Prince, and form'd the most singular Concert that ever was heard. *Tanzai*, (by this time reviv'd with so obliging a Reception) was carried in to noble Apartments, where Screech - Owls, in the gayest Habits, came and paid their Respects to him. One of these, after the first Compliments were over, ask'd him in a melting Tone of Voice, whether he would not please to bathe himself? Astonish'd at the Oddness of the whole Scene, *Tanzai*, by a Nod, declar'd that he would; upon this the Screech-Owls advanc'd to undress him — Ladies, says he, methinks

'tis

'tis not very decent for you to give your selves this Trouble.

Be assur'd, replied the first Lady of the Bed-chamber, that we would not take so much Pains about any other Person ; but we are sensible 'tis not in your Power to put our Modesty to the Blush. *Tanzai* was confounded at this Complement, and having nothing to answer, he jump'd into the Bath, concealing his imagin'd Perfections more industriously than he perhaps would have done, had he really possess'd any. Certainly, says a waggish Screech-Owl, this Modesty of yours is very Praise worthy ; but I am not surpriz'd at it, for of all Men in the World, you, doubtless, are the most singular — And certainly, says *Tanzai* with an angry Tone of Voice, this Singularity you harp so much upon, would cease less sooner for such Creatures as you, than for any other in the Universe. — Prince, says she, this Answer of yours is not even polite — Plague ! says he, have not you been tormenting me these two Hours ? I have Chagrin enough already, and therefore would advise you
not

not to increase it: Know that I was never us'd to shew Reverence to Owls. The Screech-Owls fearing she should exasperate the Prince too far, said no more; after which *Tanzai* came out of the Bath, perfum'd with all the mingled Sweets which are shed on Persons design'd for the softest Blandishments. And now, says he to the Screech-Owl, be so good as to gratify my Curiosity; who is it I am to oblige here? To whom does this Palace belong? What mean all these Oddities? speaking Screech-Owls, and armed Gnats; What is to be done with me? Pray who are you? Why are you yourself in so fantastically rich a Dress? Did you never before, replied the Bird, see an Owlet richly habited? But without perplexing your self with these Things, form the most agreeable Ideas in your Imagination; and from the august Reception you now meet with, judge what mighty Favours await you. Be persuaded that the Charms of the being who loves you, are as glorious as her Power. Paint in your Fancy the most exquisitely delicious Object that ever came from the
Gods

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Gods, and still your Idea will fall vastly short of the Beauties of the Fair one, who will resign herself to your Arms. I expatiate no farther ; your own Eye will pronounce on the rest. The Beauty who is allotted for the Embraces, will reveal herself to you this Night : She only can restore you to a Condition, which you surely must have been passionately fond of, since the least mean Raillery upon the loss of it shocks you so much.

As the old Fairy of the Kettle, had been far from promising *Tanzai* so perfect Felicity, his Disquietudes were foffen'd by the Delights the Screech-Owl promis'd him. He at last imagin'd that some beautiful Deity would honour him with her Embraces ; that this was no very extraordinary thing, and that a Goddess, in stooping to a Prince, demean'd herself much less than many Ladies of Distinction, who hurried on by inordinate Love, sometimes associate, in their mad Freaks, with the lowest among Mortals. The Night he was going to spend, appear'd to him delicious, which almost obliterated that
in

in which the tender *Neadarné*, lavishing her Pride of Charms upon him, had found *Tanzai* so utterly incapable of enjoying them. He even fancied that the Beauties of that Princess, tho' so exquisite, were vastly inferior to those, over which he wou'd now be allow'd, to rove with unlimited Freedom. His Fondness for *Neadarné* began to abate; and if any Transports fluttered in his Bosom, they all were directed to the Goddess. Such is the strange Infatuation of most Lovers! they often sacrifice to the fond Idea of a new Conquest, the Mistress with whose Heart and numberless Graces they are perfectly well acquainted.

The Screech-Owl observing *Tanzai* pensive; Prince, says she, I easily figure to myself the various Reflections which so enchanting a Scene must necessarily raise in your Mind. But I'd advise you to be gay, your Mistress has an utter Aversion to thoughtful People; and I myself know a thousand Lovers who all lost her Favour by their Taciturnity. — A thousand Lovers! cries *Tanzai*; that is only a way of speak.

speaking ——— Be assur'd, replies the Screech-Owl, that I don't enlarge; two thousand humble Servants have preceeded *Tanzai*, and the same Number (nay more) will come after him: and 'tis certain that so great a Croud of Adorers, speak the wonderful Charms of the Goddess. ——— But is she kind! continued *Tanzai*. ——— I perceive, says the Screech-Owl, that you are fond of making new Conquests: Nevertheless, I would advise you not to be so over nice; otherwise, you will run the Hazard of leading a quite unactive Life. Be satisfied with the Night, while a Goddess is going to indulge you; and with the great Condescension she will shew for a Man, who (since we are not to mince Matters) may probably be incapable of answering her Expectations. ——— I told you, Madam, before, says *Tanzai*, that your crabbed Countenance, and coarse Jokes, were very grating to me: Leave off then, or you'll never see me more.

The Screech-Owl, who was self-conceiv'd, and affected mightily to be thought a Wit, would probably not have stop'd here, had not the Steward

(a

(a Gnat) given Notice that Dinner was brought up. The Prince only sat down to Table, and as Cupid himself presided over the Entertainment, the Reader will naturally suppose that it was most exquisite both for Taste and Magnificence. *Tanzai*, who had never check'd his Appetite from moral Principles, eat very heartily, discoursing at every little Interval with the Screech-Owl, tho' he dislik'd her in the Main. At last the Regale ended, when the Prince clos'd the Whole with a Sup of his Health-Water. — The Screech-Owl, seeing this, set up a frightful Laugh. Prince, says she to him, your Caution is extremely necessary, and that Liquor is doubtless a Preservative against certain Accidents which befall you. — However this be, reply'd *Tanzai*, and what Virtue soever it may boast, the Sight of so grim a System of Features as compose that Face of yours, would at once render it ineffectual. — 'Tis, perhaps, not over handsome, answer'd the Screech-Owl, and yet a Time may come, when you probably will wish for one resembling it.

it. ——— Your Glass, reply'd *Tanzai*, must have deceiv'd you, or you certainly are a most vain Creature.



CHAP. XV.

How greatly People may be deceiv'd in their Expectations.

WORD was immediately brought the Prince, that his Goddess would soon reveal herself. His Heart went pit-a-pat at the News: Curiosity, and a certain Sensation still more forcibly, perplexed his Thoughts; so that he did not once open his Lips, but suffered the Screech-Owls to undress him. They had no sooner thrown a Night-gown over *Tanzai*, but they conducted him to a splendid Apartment, where Perfumes, which were burning in golden Vases, embalmed the Air, and dispersed the most luxurious Odours. *Tanzai*, still anxious, though his Heart breath'd the fondest Wishes, after crossing five
or

or six spacious Rooms, came at last into the Chamber where the Goddess was reposed. A Bed embroidered with Jewels, and supported by ruby Pillars, held this miraculous Object. The Prince, tho' his Eyes were dazzled, and fixed at first by so shining a Spectacle, yet his Glances soon wand'ed in search of this so-much boasted Master-piece of Nature. At last, he perceived, at a little Distance, something stirring in the Bed; but its Aspect was so hideous, that he did not doubt but it was his Goddess's Ape. He went nearer to the Bed, when the Screech-Owl withdrew, after wishing him a happy Repose. *Tanzai*, almost melting with Desire, and restrained by Bashfulness, continued in the Place where the Screech-Owl had left him. Come, famous Prince, says a Voice, and do not lose any of the precious Moments which Love indulges you—He obey'd the Summons, and sprung at once into the Bed.

The instant *Tanzai* was laid down, his Bed-fellow turn'd to him; but how prodigious was his Surprize, when, thro'

thro' a Heap of Cosmeticks, Ribbons, and Lace, he saw *Cucumber*! 'Twas this Fairy, herself, who, to receive him with greater Decency, had adorn'd her Owl-like Ears with the richest Pendants. Her Forehead, naturally bald, was covered with a huge whited-brown Tower, every Part of which was stuck with Flowers and Feathers; and tho' she had a drest Head on, she yet had put over it (to give herself a still more killing Air) a small white Hood, spotted with red, and kissing Strings of the same Colour, tied very smartly under her Chin. In the midst of this ridiculous Bundle, was a sort of Face, in which appear'd a pair of red hagg'd staring Eyes. A Nose of a frightful Size, and cover'd with Warts, hung very tenderly over a wide, hollow Mouth, to which a Pair of purple Lips were fix'd, and presented to the Eye a fleshless Jaw-bone, which, by length of Time, had even lost its natural Colour. Her blubber'd Cheeks were sunk deep in her Pillow. A numberless Multitude of Patches, in various Shapes, cover'd a black spotted Skin,

the

the Wrinkles and Lividness of which, darted thro' the unctious Pomatum that disguised them. A Necklace composed of Diamonds and Pearls (all of a huge Size) reach'd a great way down her Neck. Her Breasts, which hung a Foot and a Half in Length, star'd out of a Pair of Bodice edg'd with twisted Lace, and were tied in three Places with a rosy colour'd crimp'd Ribbon.

Tanzai, struck dumb at this shocking Spectacle, would have run out of Bed again, had not Fear chill'd his Veins, and depriv'd him of Motion. Besides, he was almost suffocated by the Violence of a Smell, that quite overpower'd the Fragrancy of the Perfumes, with which the Fairy had scented her Chamber. Heavens! says he to himself, is this the Creature the Fates have allotted me? O *Neadarné*! Was it possible for the most hideous Object in Nature to divide my Passion for thee, or rather, to quite banish thee from my Heart. Just Ape, what Fortune have I? But had *Tanzai* travelled, he would have found that the Ladies whom our Fops idolize so much,
often

often resemble the Creature who lay by her Side.

He was not yet recover'd from his Disgust and Terror, when a hoarse, hollow Voice, issuing from the dreadful Skeleton, address'd him in the gentle Words following. You see, Prince, what I have done for you, and the excess of my Fondness. You never could have imagin'd, after your cruel Insult to me, and the Vengeance which succeeded it, that my Resentments could have been so far softned, as to admit you to my Bed. The same Hand that made the Tears to flow, now offers to dry them. To recover your former Condition, you must have expos'd yourself, had I not interven'd, to the most horrible Dangers; but you now will resume your pristine Form in the midst of Delights. I cannot say whether my Vanity deceives me, and by that Means exaggerates their Happiness to my Imagination; whether the Transports of all those Mortals who see me, do not give me too advantagious an Idea of my Charms; but however this be, methinks there's not a Prince

in the World, but would wish, nay, even run the hazard of his Life to taste the Felicity which waits you. I don't solicit you to merit my Favours; no, I read the strongest Impatience in your Eyes, and 'tis with exquisite Satisfaction, I perceive that you can no longer support the Violence of your Desires; give then a Loose to 'em, my dear Prince, the Desires which inform my Bosom, are a sufficient Earnest of your dawning Happiness.——

Come! this Sight begins to shock my Modesty; make haste, and quite overpower it. Alas! ought Virtue still to prefer its Empire in such delicious Moments? Put at end, this Instant, to these Reproaches of mine, for oh! in your dear Arms it must expire.——

Tanzai, who was still motionless as a Statue, did not hear half of what *Cucumber* had said to him; and he, doubtless, would have continued much longer in this Lethargy, had not he felt a crooked extended Talon embrace him. His first Thoughts were to Strangle *Cucumber*, but reflecting that she was too powerful to fall a Victim to his

his Resentments, and that his least Calamity would be, to continue for ever in his present deplorable Condition, he laid aside that Resolution, tho' so very pleasing. He was still unresolv'd, when the Fairy, fixing her Nails very tenderly in his Skin, Prince! says she, are you still motionless? I forgave, at first, that absolute Inactivity, but it surely ought by this Time to have yielded to the Impetuosity of your Fires, and the uncommon Tenderness I have for you.—What! must I, thou little ungrateful Creature, make all the Advances? but if the Charms I have permitted thee a Sight of, have not the Power to recall thy fleeting Senses, I'll try whether those I have hitherto conceal'd, can wake thee again to Life; then throwing off, with an Air of Fury, the little Portion of the Sheet which still veil'd the Beauties he had not yet seen, and rousing her Eyes finely, behold, cruel Wretch, says she with a Sigh, behold the Flood of Beauties which my Love abandons entirely to thee.—Mercy! cries the Prince, ye Gods! where am I?— And

now starting from the Bed, he disengaged himself from *Cucumber's* Talons, and endeavour'd to fly out of the Bed-chamber, but was prevented, as the Reader will see in the next Chapter.



CHAP. XVI.

An Illusion. The Prince is disappointed of his Happiness. The Condition on which 'tis restored.

TANZAI, in the utmost Rage, going to run out of the Room, was call'd by a delightful Voice he well knew. — But Heavens! how great was his Astonishment, when throwing his Eyes towards the Bed, he saw *Neardarné*, infinitely more charming than ever she had appear'd. My dear, dear Princess! says he, running up to her. O stop, Ingrate, cries *Neardarné* to him, fainthearted Creature that thou art, thou dost not deserve my Love. Thou knewest that our Felicity depended

pended on this Tryal, and yet thou hadst not Courage to submit to it. Know that I, thy fond *Neadarné*, was conceal'd under that Veil of Deformity, that 'twas I, who under the Image of a Fairy, by *Barbacela's* powerful Assistance, rid thee of the fatal Skimmer ; that 'twas I who, to soften the Horrors of the Object which struck thy Sight, presented thee with the Health-Water.——Wretch! continued she, Tears trickling from her Eyes, thou hast been false to our Vows, and my fond Passion ; and therefore must continue for ever in this present deplorable Condition. Alas! my dearest Princess! cried *Tanzai*, who could have imagin'd that it was thee?——He then was going to embrace her a second Time, when lo! the Princess and the whole Bed-chamber vanishing, *Tanzai* found himself convey'd to the Apartment where he had first been receiv'd. His Tortures increas'd, when he spied the tantalizing Screech-Owl, who, lol-ling on an Easy-chair, was humming a Song in Expectation of his coming.——How! says she, with an Air of Gaiety,

Gaiety, are you so soon return'd? A Night glides away (with you) as swift as a Minute. If you never make 'em longer, a Woman may safely indulge you as many as you can wish, without endangering her Character: I really did not expect to see you here before Noon. God's! cried the Prince, in the most doleful Accents; whence is it that you thus embitter all my Joys? Ah! says the Screech-Owl, I know that some Accident has befallen you, or rather that the same Accident still subsists; How great is your Misfortune? for lackaday! what Use can be made of your Person?-----Harkee, says the Prince, in a furious Tone of Voice, I shall wring that Neck of yours off, if you speak but one Word more: However, recovering himself a Moment after, Madam, says he, I beg ten Thousand Pardons for what I have said: alas! this croud of extraordinary Incidents transport me out of myself, and confound me to such a Degree, that I neither know where I am, nor what I am. Permit me only to tell you my sad Story.

You

You have, says he (as he was concluding it) a great deal of Credit in this Palace, I acknowledge my Fault; but will it not be possible for me to recover the Opportunity which my Imprudence made me lose? However, be Expeditious, my Life depends on it. 'Twill be very difficult, reply'd the Screech-Owl, to get this Request of yours comply'd with, however, I'll try whether my Credit may not be of some Service to you. Wait here patiently, and I'll see about your Affair. The Instant she left the Room, *Tanzai* began to Muse, Who, says he, cou'd have imagin'd, that my Princess would have reveal'd herself to me under so hideous a Form! Alas! I had already felt the Effects of the Health-Water; I already begin to revive; and was going to recover my lost Glory, and end all my Calamities; but what Man would not have been terrified at *Cucumber's* dreadful Aspect. The bare Remembrance of it chills my Blood. My Princess no sooner disappear'd, but sinking again into my unactive State, I was, as before, lost to myself. Un-

F 4

happy

happy Lot of Princes ! to be subject, spite of all their Power, to the Injustice of Fairies. Can any thing be so unaccountable as this late Scene ? My Fate depends on a vile Skimmer ! O ! should my History be ever written, what Man will give Credit to it ? Or, in case it should find Belief, what Entertainment will it not furnish to future Ages ?

He very possibly would have continued his Reflexions, had he not been interrupted by the Screech-Owl. — Well, divine Bird, says he, can no Remedy be found to my Misfortunes ? I tremble for Fear, lest you should have taken Pains to no purpose. — You are far happier than you imagine, reply'd the Screech-Owl, smiling : Your forgivenesses are sealed ; but, 'twas not without some difficulty ; however, you will be indulged the same blissful Scene. — I shall then, says he, see again my *Neadarné* ? Ye Gods ! — Prince, says the Screech-Owl, you will indeed possess *Neadarné*, but she still will assume the Form of *Cucumber*. D'ye shudder ! Reflect seriously in yourself : Remember how
dear

dear you paid for your first Refusal ;
 beware, therefore of a second. Had
 you but conquer'd the first Aversion,
 and the pretended Fairy had received
 you in her Arms, *Neadarné* would have
 taken her Place that Instant. But now,
 you will not be allowed this Bliss on
 such easy Terms, for know, you must
 make the Experiment thirteen Times
 before you will be allow'd to see the
 Metamorphoses. — Hem ! What's
 that you say ? cries *Tanzai*, thirteen ?
 You understand me, cries the Screech-
 Owl : I say thirteen Times. — Pugh,
 says the Prince, you don't know what
 you talk of ; this would be all I could
 perform, were my Princess to share
 with me. Tho' I should be firmly
 persuaded that 'twas *Neadarné* I en-
 joy'd, still I should distaste her, under
 the Form of *Cucumber*. The Service
 you offer to do me is of a very whim-
 sical Kind ; but be so good as to sub-
 tract about half. No, no, reply'd the
 Screech-Owl, not a Tittle can be aba-
 ted. But don't mistake my earnest-
 ness in this Occasion, I myself gain
 nothing by it. — Thirteen Times !
 says

says the Prince again ! How, says the Screech-Owl, are you frightened with a Task, which a Man of the smallest Abilities would perform, and that with Pleasure ? I wish, says *Tanzai*, you yourself had try'd the Experiment.—Once again, says she, resolve ; 'tis a Shame you should boggle for such a Trifle ; I really had a better Opinion of your Valour.—Harkee, says the Prince, many Things are Painful only from the Circumstances ; and you must confess, that *Cucumber's* Aspect is not so vastly engaging, as to make so large a Number seem a few. But no Matter ; lead on, and may Heaven be Propitious. The Screech-Owl then taking him by the Hand, conducted *Tanzai*, who was now in greater Perplexity than the first Time, to the Chamber of Delights.



CHAP. XVII.

*The delicious Pleasures in which
Tanzai passed the Night.*

WITH what Courage soever the Prince had arm'd himself, he could not forbear shuddering, when he again saw *Cucumber*. Prince, said she, come to Bed again, and either deserve your Pardon, or fill up the Measure of your Misfortunes. A Truce with your Speeches, answer'd he hastily, it is the Height of my Misfortunes, to find myself again with you, and my only Desire is to get away from you as soon as possible. Therefore no Compliments, it would ill become you to Use me, after having reduced me to the Condition wherein I am at present. But what Madness possesses you to desire me to spend a Night with you? If it is really true that you love me, ought it not to be sufficient to cure you, that I make but a sorry
Return

Return to all your Tenderness? And if you only want to be revenged for the Affair of the Skimmer, ought your Anger to be bent against me?

Prince, reply'd *Cucumber*, you argue the finest in the World, and your Discourse would persuade me, if my being convinced of what you say, would be of any Service to you. But your being at present in my Arms, is neither owing to my Desire of being revenged on you, nor to any amorous Inclination: The Order of the Destinies alone, force me to undergo a Trial, which is yet more mortifying to me, than it is painful to you. Think you not that my Modesty is put to a severe Test, to see so near me a Man, who is not invited thither by my Choice. Do you imagine, that any Woman can abandon herself without Regret, to the Transports of a Man who is indifferent to her? Can any thing be more cruel to a Person susceptible of the softest Passion, and, indeed, of Virtue, than to suffer Caresses of which her Heart does not approve?

As

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As for those Transports, and those Caresses you are pleased to hint at, resum'd *Tanzai*, I can spare you that Trouble, since they give you so much Pain; I am not so ill-bred to force from you Favours so inestimable as yours. O no! said the Fairy, I submit to the Will of the Destinies, and my Resignation will enable me to bear it. You was somewhat more passionate, and not quite so devout a while ago, resum'd *Tanzai*; but let that be as it will, I was promised *Neadarné*, and shall not begin my Drudgery till I see her. You was promised her indeed, said *Cucumber*, but you know on what Conditions. Come then, cry'd the Prince, who, in spite of himself, felt his Virility restored; but a Man must love to distraction, to be able to submit to what now befalls me. Then stopping his Nose, and shutting his Eyes, he endeavoured to perform, as well as he was able, the Penance enjoind him.

In the mean while, the Fairy, to render it the more easy to him, sigh'd tenderly, and moving her Body wantonly,

tonly, with all the Transports of the most ardent Passion, call'd him by all those endearing Names which a tender Love inspires. Her Raptures were then for a while succeeded by Indolence, and this Indolence again gave Way to fresh Transports. It is even affirm'd, that to shew the more sensibility of this Ardour, she swore more than once. On the other Hand, *Tanzai*, that he might be the sooner free from his Bondage, had gone through, without Intermission (which is Matter of Astonishment, and not the least shocking to belief of any in this History) with one Half of his Martyrdom; and the Water of Health working Miracles, enabled him to perform the Rest with as much Expedition, when the Fairy begg'd him to suspend his Labours, and give her leave a while to breath.

The Prince having satisfy'd her; you see, Prince, said she, I am not one of those Women without Delicacy, who only esteem a Man for those Qualities, of which you have just given such authentick Proofs; I love a hundred Times better a tender Conversation,
which

which is enliven'd by the Sentiments of the Heart, than those shameful Pleasures which the generality of Lovers are continually in quest of. How often do you say you have yet to perform this Night? Seven Times, answer'd he, hastily. The Reason of my asking you, reply'd she, is not that I value it a Rush; were it left to me, you should have no more to do; but you say you have still seven remaining, I believe you are mistaken. That may very well be resum'd he; and I shou'd reckon to have run nine Hearts at least. But I don't count at that Rate, said she, my Thoughts were not in such Confusion as yours, and I believe there are still Ten behind. Adsheart, that is false, cry'd *Tanzai* in a Fury. Don't be in a Passion, Child, said she tenderly, we shall have no Disputes upon that Head; but you are a Prodigy of a Man, and I can hardly believe that before your Enchantment, was any Thing near so valuable as you are now: You know better than any one, answer'd *Tanzai*, the Reason of my being so much worth, and the Present that was made me of
the

the Water of Health, was a Precaution which you took for your own sake. But tell me, in Conscience ought not you to forgive me the Remainder? That can't be, answer'd she. Then said *Tanzai*, I will keep where I am, and I no longer fear you. We shall see that immediately resum'd *Cucumber*, laying her Hand upon his tenderest Part. Ah *Barbarian*! cry'd the Prince, feeling it shrink under her Fingers, there is less Enchantment in this than you imagine, and your Hand had no need of the Assistance of Magick to work the Effect I now feel.

Your Discourse is very passionate and obliging said *Cucumber*, and it is the ready Way to obtain Favour. If you will not be generous on my Account, said *Tanzai*, at least be so for your own sake. I am not so Malicious as you think me, resumed she, and you shall see, if with this very Hand which you so much disparage, I can — Oh for Pity sake! cry'd *Tanzai*, interrupting her, don't touch me. Notwithstanding his Fear, the Fairy was as good as her Word, and the Prince, who dying with Impatience to come to a
Conclusion

Conclusion with her, began his Drudgery a new.

He had at last arrived at the twelfth, inclusive, without seeing *Neadarné*, and express'd his surprize thereat to *Cucumber*. Undoubtedly, said she, it is because her Recovery depends upon the mysterious Number thirteen. I see very well, resumed he, that it is resolved I should not have her very Cheap; but let us make an End. The Prince having finish'd this last Labour, look'd all about eagerly for *Neadarné*, and not seeing her appear, What is the Reason of this, said he? Why don't I behold *Neadarné*? Have I been cheated all this while? Alas! Prince, cry'd the Fairy, you have deceived your self, you have reckoned wrong. Adsheart, said the Prince, hastily interrupting her, there is no need to be a Conjuror to know how to reckon thirteen; there are so many fairly. How can that be, resum'd she, you see that is impossible, for if it were true *Neadarné* wou'd now be in your Possession. For your own sake, dear Prince take Care you are not deceived. Adsheath, pursued he,
I

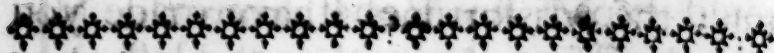
I am sure, I am not mistaken. In a word, reply'd she, you will not see *Neadarné*; and through an ill-turned Spirit of Husbandry, you will lose the Fruits of all you have already done. Heavens! cry'd he, am I left a Prey to Injustice? And must I ——— But, alas! perhaps you are in the Right? I don't see *Neadarné*, and her absence is enough to convince me of my Error; let us see therefore if I can't go through with my odious Task.

Tanzai, overcome with Fatigue, had all the Difficulty in the World to finish his Penance, however, when he had done, he was as unfortunate this Time as all the Rest; and finding how inhumanly he had been imposed on, he fell with Fury upon *Cucumber*, just as she was going to reproach him with a second mistake in his Reckoning. But the Fairy struggling with utmost Strength, got loose from the Hands of *Tanzai*, after having more than once stuck her Claws in his Skin, and left his Body all over with Scratches.

Then rising up to the Cieling, think not, said she, ever to overcome my
Fury,

Fury, I will be your eternal Persecutor ; the Misfortunes I have made you already suffer, are neither the last, nor the most grievous of your Life : I have indeed, restored you to what you so ardently desired, but take Care it is not useless to you, and remember for some time your infernal Skimmer. Ah ! perfidious Wretch, cry'd *Tanzai*, after what you have already done, what other Disasters can you have in store for me ? At the same Instant both the Fairy and the Palace disappeared, and the Prince as much asham'd of, as fatigued with his kind Mistress, found his Cloaths, his Skimmer, and his Horse in the same Forrest where he had met with the Fairy and the Kettle.

He dress'd himself therefore in all Haste, and forming within himself a thousand vain Projects, for the Punishment of *Cucumber* and the *Owl*, took again the Road to *Cbeckian*, intirely disposed to be most strictly faithful to *Neadarné*, since he had such ill Success with his stolen Pleasures.



C H A P. XVIII.

The least diverting in the whole Book.

WHILST the Prince was working these wondrous Miracles, the People at *Cheebian* were not in a much quieter Situation, then he had been in *Cucumber's Palace*. *Saugrenutio's* Affair made abundance of Noise in the City, and the States were summon'd to meet. The King, sensibly affected with his Son's Misfortune, and thinking there would be no end to it till *Saugrenutio* had lick'd the Skimmer, spared no Pains to compel him to undergo this Mortification. To this end he had gained over to his Interest the *Patriarch* himself, who both to oblige *Capbaes*, and to affront the High Priest, with whom he had no good Understanding, had promis'd the King to concur with all his Designs.

Saugrenutio

Saugrenitio very well knew that he could expect no Relief from the Nobility. That Body, being devoted to the Person of their Sovereign, both through Policy and Interest, would not undoubtedly have opposed his Sentiments, on an Occasion wherein they would have clash'd, and that without any Benefit to themselves, with the Majesty of their Prince. And the Priests who expected Promotion, only from their Submission to the *Patriarch*, took Care not to be wanting in their Complaisance to him, on an Occasion where it might be likewise serviceable to themselves. The People, both Ignorant and Superstitious, being used to look upon the Decrees of the *Patriarch*, as the Decrees of the Gods themselves, would have feared drawing their Anger down upon them, by taking *Saugrenitio's* Part, in an Affair wherein Religion seem'd concerned but indirectly.

What way then remained for the High Priest, to avert the Destiny with which he was threaten'd? Hated by the Nobility, with whom his Haughtiness had caused frequent Disputes ;

putes ; detested by the Priests, who were Jealous of the Rank he possess'd ; and despised by the People, who were scandaliz'd at hearing him swear, and seeing him spend his Time in writing Songs. But which way was it possible for him to obey ? The shame of licking the Skimmer, the Pain to which it would put him, the Vexation of the King's triumphing over him, all these Considerations agitated him by Turns ; and although he remained stedfast in the Resolution of not obeying, he did not see how he could resist against so powerful a Combination.

He was still in an Uncertainty what Course to take, when the *Patriarch* arriv'd at Court, having sent before him a terrible Decree, by which *Saugrenutio* was condemn'd to lick the Skimmer : It concluded with a short and brotherly Exhortation to submit, and not suffer both the divine and human Justice to be armed against him. *Saugrenutio*, thunderstruck by this Decree, was about to fly for it, when the Imprudence of the contrary Party gave him fresh Courage.

The

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The *Patriarch* being dissatisfy'd (whether he had Reason or no is uncertain) with the Priests of *Chechian*, threaten'd to join them with their Head, and force them also to lick the Skimmer: And as this *Patriarch* was a Man of violent Temper, and very arbitrary in his Commands, the Priests began to be apprehensive, and their common Danger reunited them to *Saugrenutio*.

They had a private Meeting therefore at his House, wherein it was agreed to gain over as many as possible to their Party. These Seditious Wretches rightly judged, that in order to get the People on their Side, it was necessary to make them believe the Skimmer became a general Affair, and that nobody in the Kingdom would be exempted from licking it, not even his Majesty himself. These Reports soon wrought the Effect, which those who had spread them Abroad expected, they met with People credulous enough to believe them, which struck a Terrour, and at last reach'd the Ears of the King himself.

Cephaes

Cephaes was very much alarm'd there-
at ; he knew the *Patriarch's* enterprizing
Temper : A hundred Times he had reason
to complain of his Insolence, and as many
Times he had a Mind to punish him for it.
He thought it hard to leave, in a Condi-
tion to injure the Royal Dignity, a Power
which only subsisted by the Protection
of that Authority which it strove to
weaken. He was incens'd at seeing the
Patriarchs owe their Dignity to Kings,
and yet continually be wanting in their
Respect to them. But Superstition
render'd them venerable. Besides, he
thought it concerned him, not to destroy
absolutely an Authority, which ac-
customing his Subjects to obey, render'd
them more Subservient to his Com-
mands, and faithful to their Oaths.

A People without Religion will soon
be without Obedience : If they neither
acknowledge, or stand in Fear of any
Gods, human Laws are no longer any
Restraint upon them ; they become
their own Legislators ; their Caprice
is the only Rule they go by ; they on-
ly set up, in Order to have the Pleasure
of

of pulling down. Continually disgusted with their own handy Work, fond of Novelty, they run perpetually from Project to Project: Fearless of what may happen, either they absolutely destroy the Remembrance of the Gods, or look upon their Anger as something so distant from them, that they hardly think it is to be dreaded.

But a People who are govern'd by other Maxims, submissive to their Kings, look upon them as a Present from the Deity; and never imagine they have Liberty to judge them, or even to examine the Nature of their Authority, or prescribe any Limits to it. But, on the other Hand, when more Superstitious than Religious, more Timorous than Virtuous, and more Credulous than Enlighten'd, a mistaken Notion of Religion will carry them a great Way. More struck with the external Worship, then with the Existence of the Deity; more Obedient to his Ministers than to himself, they imagine them wrong'd when they have but Justice done them; and the King, being

ing the Victim of the Prejudices of his Subjects, dares not deliver himself from Slavery, for fear of exciting Troubles wherein his Person and Dignity would be equally exposed.

Cephaes, convinced of the Truth of these Principles, had endeavour'd by little and little to limit the too great Power of the *Patriarch*, and confine it wholly to spiritual Duties: To keep his Capital from any Cause of Disturbance, he had sent the *Patriarch* from Court, to the end that losing Sight of this Idol, he might be the less revered. Herein, however, he was out in his Politicks: It is not prudent in a Sovereign, to remove from his Person, a Subject who shares in some Measure his Authority. The *Patriarch* shined alone in the Abode that was assign'd him; at *Chechian* he was eclipsed by the splendour of the Throne; and the Subjects seeing him forced to do Homage to the King, where sensible how much he was subordinate to him. Besides, it was much easier to have an Eye upon the Factions he might have a Mind to form: One single look of the Sovereign's
might

might disperse them ; whereas, when at a Distance from the Court, the *Patriarch* took Advantage of the People's Credulity , and gain'd Reputation to his Cabals by the Length of Time, which was necessary to overthrow them.

Cephaes did not in the least doubt, considering the Vexation he had given the *Patriarch*, but he would endeavour to be revenged on him : Nevertheless, he thought it very extraordinary, that he would push Matters so far as to make him lick the Skimmer. The Fairy *Barbacela* had named only the High Priest for that Honour, but that Fairy did not appear : Her Order was but Verbal, it might be variously interpreted, and extended to others ; in short, he was apprehensive of the worst : He resolved however, in Case the Honour of Religion was made Use of as a Pretence, to revert upon the *Patriarch*, Part of the Affront he designed him, and to oblige him to lick the Skimmer first. It will be easily believed, therefore, that when he again saw the *Patriarch*, he look'd very pleasantly upon him ; the *Patriarch*, on the other Hand look'd

furly upon the King ; and the first Fruits of *Saugrenutio's* Stratagem, was to sow the Seeds of Discord between them, which could not fail of being advantageous to himself.

CHAP. XIX.

Trifles treated of too Seriously.

THE High Priest easily perceived what Confusion reign'd at Court. Very well, Adlife ! said he to his Confederates, very well, Adsheart ! we have them now. To-morrow the Assembly is to meet, but let us not behave unworthy of ourselves. The People are all for us ; the Women to whom I have given a monstrous Description of the Skimmer, swear they will never obey. Be not afraid then of frivolous Threats, Courage alone will be sufficient to enable you to brave all ; none but the Faint-hearted are ever insulted.

Besides, of what are we afraid ? The Prince is not returned ; and the Skimmer which is gone with him, may perhaps

haps never be separated from him : Who knows even whether we may ever see him again? Our Enemies at Variance amongst themselves, can no longer bring any of their Designs against us to bear, wholly taken up with standing upon their Guard against each other, their mutual Distrust will prove our Safety. Come on, Gentlemen, let us drink about, continued he, and Heaven protect us : Perhaps during the slight Repast I have order'd to be prepar'd for you, it may inspire us with some wholesome Resolutions.

At these Words the Priests sat down to Supper very devoutly ; and as *Saugrenutio* never came to a Result but over a Bottle, they continued at it a considerable Time. Out of Decency however, they broke up about Morning ; and every one of the Guests went Home, with heavy Eyes, and a tottering Gate, after having promis'd the High Priest to second him heartily in his Designs.

Such was the Disposition of the Minds of the Assistants when the Assembly met. *Saugrenutio* appeared there with a resolute Countenance. The *Patriarch*

open'd the Session with a Speech full of Bombast, which was never a jot the better, for having been prepared long before hand. Brother, said he to *Saugrenutio*, with an affectionate Air, when Heaven speaks, it is in vain to stop our Ears against its Voice. Your Opposition to its Decrees will render you highly criminal, and force us to employ against you the Authority wherewith it has invested us. The Loss of your Dignity, is the least Punishment to which we shall condemn you. Who can even foresee, to what Severities this heavenly Voice will transport us, against a Minister who is disobedient to its Commands. May it please however ! cry'd he, may it please the supream *Ape*, who receives every Day your Incense, to enlighten your Heart ! may he touch your obdurate Soul, and defer his Vengeance ! disarm'd by the ardent Prayers we all make for your Preservation, may he vouchsafe to encline you to give a necessary Example of an entire Submission to his Orders ? Come, pursued he, with an Air of Affliction, let

let us report the Case and prepare Things for a speedy Hearing.

Hereupon the Speaker arose, and related with the most scrupulous Exactness, at the Hazard of being thought tedious, the History of the Skimmer; wherein the Fairy *Barbacela's* Order, to make the High Priest lick it, was exaggerated rather than forgotten. During this Recital, which was somewhat long, *Saugrenutio*, and his Adherents, confirm'd each other in their Resolution of disobeying.

It was hardly finish'd when the *Patriarch* got up, and whisper'd the King, as if he had been going to ask his Opinion. In good earnest, said his Majesty, do you think he will obey? Yes, answered the *Patriarch*, and he shall not be the only one. The King then imagined the *Patriarch* had look'd at him, and that it was him he meant. How! said he, in a Passion, he shall not be the only one? He is the only Person however, that was enjoin'd it here; you would not pretend to make me lick the Skimmer, would you? Fie, fie, resum'd the *Patriarch*. Nevertheless,

that would not be amiss, reply'd he, and if you were to shew them the Example; your Subjects could no longer have any thing to say against it. But my Subjects have nothing to do with this Affair, answer'd the King; and I have already told you that it only concern'd *Saugrenutio*. Your Majesty is pleas'd to believe so, reply'd the *Patriarch*; but the Skimmer is of such a Nature, that it becomes a Mystery, and an Object of Veneration; it is no longer an Affair that regards only one particular Person. Oh! just as you please for that, resumed *Cephaes*, but, however, don't bring me into the Scrape. We shall consider it more at Leisure, said the *Patriarch*: Nevertheless your Majesty shall be left at Liberty to act as you think fit in that Respect: Then turning to *Saugrenutio*, he advis'd him to obey.

My Lord, answer'd the High Priest, I will never do it. Since then, said the *Patriarch*, with a sorrowful Air, since this Rebel is resolv'd still to persist in his Disobedience, we declare him to have forfeited all his Dignities: And we command him to resign into the
Hands

Hands of the King ; the Bear - skin Breeches, and into our own Hands, the Duck-skin Mantle, with the *Tiara* of Marble Paper, with which our Munificence had honoured him before his Perversion. And you, continued he, addressing himself to the other Priests, make a good Use of this Example, and by a ready Obedience with Relation to the Skimmer, prevent the Severity of our Decrees.

At these Words, a thousand confused Noises were heard ; but the King and the *Parriarch* went immediately out of the Assembly, after having order'd an authentick Draught to be made of their Resolutions.

The Nobility were triumphing within themselves, at the Mortification of the Priests, when *Saugrenutio* rose up and thus broke Silence : The Consternation you behold me in, Gentlemen, proceeds not so much from the Affront offer'd me, as from my Concern at my Misfortune, in being a Witness to the Violation of all our Laws. It is fled ! that happy Time when Innocence found an assured Remedy against Oppression ;

the Remembrance we yet retain of it, serves only to increase our Grievs, and our Lamentations are unavailing to recal it. Given up to Slavery, since we tamely bear it, and disposed for suffering the Mortifications that are put upon us, we have no other way to excuse ourselves in the Eyes of the World, but by entirely loosing the Remembrance of our former Glory. Alas ! of what Use would it be to us, but to render our present Baseness more blame-worthy. Behold then those haughty *Chechianians*, whose Reputation fill'd every Corner of the Universe ! behold this so famous People ! A vile Skimmer, now makes this Race of Heroes tremble !

Pristine Defenders of the State, pursued he, addressing himself to the Nobility, it is not of you that I implore Relief: The abject Condition wherein I behold you, sufficiently informs me of your Meanness of Spirit. Bend you under the Yoke of Tyranny, you are not worthy of enjoying Liberty: But burn then these celebrated Records, which have transmitted down to you
the

the glorious Actions of your Ancestors. I exhort you not to set before your Eyes their glorious Examples ; they who don't blush at submitting to Slavery, deserve not to know that ever Men were free.

It is reserv'd for you then, sacred Ministers ! it is reserv'd for you alone, to put an end to Injustice. What have we to fear ? And supposing we should sink under the Attempt, ought Death itself to terrify us more, than a Life condemn'd to be linger'd out under an abject eternal Infamy ? Let us revenge the Honour of our Altars : Let us give this Nation Examples of a Courage which may turn to their Advantage. Let us die, if it be necessary, but let us die like Citizens : and being useful to our Country, even to our last Moments, let us at least shew them how every one may deliver himself from Bondage. Perpetual Victims to the *Patriarch's* Ambition, we only live to see our Affronts continually repeated. For what Service will it be to us to flatter ourselves ? And with what Hopes can we feed ourselves without Rashness ?

Rashness? Is there any room for us to believe that he will not attempt to impose upon us any farther? Is this the first Time that the Kingdom of *Chechian* has suffer'd by the Machinations of the *Patriarchs*? Open our History, and without seeking for more odious Transactions, let us only remember the Disturbances caused six Hundred Years ago by the *Patriarch* KINHO-HA-YALUCHA, when he would have made us kiss the Tail of a *Magpye*. How many Wars were kindled, a Century afterwards, by the Institution of *Square Whiskers*, under the *Patriarch* OUSOUCHO? What Mischiefs did not the Obstinacy of RIMACHOU produce, when he would have abolish'd the *sacred Toadstool*?

At last this Nation, after the most cruel Seditions, began to recover Breath; the *Patriarchs* more enlightened, submissive to the Laws, and more sensible of the Honour of Religion, no longer propos'd any scandalous Opinions; a purer Sun gave us Light. Undisturb'd, under the Protection of our Altars, we flatter'd ourselves,

selves, alas ! that this Tranquility
 would be durable ; But, oh ! great
 Gods ! what an astonishing Revolution !
 and upon what is it founded ? A
 Fairy brings a Skimmer ; the Prince
 affirms, that my swallowing of it is of
 the utmost Importance to him, after
 that it has been in the Mouth of
 the most odious old Hag in the Uni-
 verse. This, he says, is a positive
 Order which he has receiv'd from this
 Fairy. His Marriage cannot be hap-
 py, without the Performance of this
 Ceremony. However, more watch-
 ful of not acting contrary to the Dig-
 nity of the Rank I possess, then of my
 own private Interests, I refus'd to com-
 ply. The Prince is afflicted with a
 Disaster of a very extraordinary Na-
 ture, which is imputed to me as a
 Crime. A *Patriarch* pronounces an
 unjust Decree ; yet more, the Assem-
 bly of the States is summoned to
 condemn me ; the most iniquitous Sen-
 tence in the World is past upon me,
 and not content with disgracing me,
 they carry their Insolence so far as to
 the whole Priesthood, whom they would
 like-

likewise compel to lick the Skimmer.

In short, all the Orders of the Kingdom are involved in my Disgrace. Alas ! how came they joyn'd in the same Premunire as myself ? Granting that I were oblig'd to lick the Skimmer, was it necessary they should do it likewise ? The Prince named me alone. Besides, let them shew *Barbacela's* Order : A Thing of this Consequence ought to have been supported by indisputable Proofs : If the Prince's bare Word gains Credit so easily, fresh Whims may come into his Head every Day, and how do I know, at last, what they won't oblige us to lick.

But supposing, at present, that I were willing to obey, where is this Skimmer ? the Prince and that are fast joined together, and where must we go to find them ? Besides, What Crime should I commit in waiting his Return ? Nevertheless, I am dishonoured, I am deposed, and the Badges of my Dignity are taken from me. But still more happy in losing all, then in obeying ; I bless the Gods for the Courage with which they have inspired me :
more

more illustrious in my Retirement, then I should be in possessing shamefully the Honours whereof they have deprived me, at least I shall not be a Witness to the Slavery of my Countrymen.

For, flatter not yourselves, continu'd he, addressing himself to the Nobility, your criminal Complaisance will not save you from the Skimmer. I am not insensible, but even shudder to see that more exasperated at the Disputes you have had with us, then moved with the Affront offer'd to Religion, you find a secret Pleasure in the Misfortune that overwhelms us. Ah ! let us rather unite together. Be convinced, at last, that we are all threaten'd with the same Danger, and, if no other Consideration can affect you, let that of your own Honour support you under the glorious Struggle.

Generous *Cheebianians* ! there are two Misfortunes in Slavery, which inevitably follow one another : The first is, the groaning under it ; and the other, even when the first no longer subsists, is the Remembrance of one's Shame. Ah ! recal your Courage ;
break

break the Chains that are imposed upon you, they will fall off of course when you resolve no longer to couch under them. Affronts are offer'd to none but such as are believed capable of suffering, without endeavouring to resent them. We are surrounded with Misfortunes even at present, and a magnanimous Resolution alone can save us from the new Mortifications that are preparing for us. Let us shake off this odious Yoke, under which we have so long truckled ! Let these People, who have been Witnesses to the Affronts offer'd us, be so likewise to the Revenge we take for them ! We shall be feared as soon as we desire so to be. Let us obliterate these injurious Decrees, dictated by Malice and Injustice ; I will be answerable for the Success. Of what are not Men capable, when they fight for their Gods, and for their Liberties ?

Saugrenutio having thus said, the States, who were before agreed to condemn him, are divided in their Sentiments ; various Opinions arise. The most Superstitious, moved by *Saugrenutio's*

nutio's Speech, begin to believe that the Gods are really concern'd in this Affair ; accordingly they go over to his Side, and cry, that he must have a Re'hearing : On the other Hand, the Partizans of the King, and the *Patriarch*, maintain that the High Priest has been fairly try'd, and insist upon having the Act pass'd which condemns both him, and the rest of the Priests.

The Dispute grows hot, and the Assembly breaks up. The People, inform'd of what pass'd, and fearing to be involved in the same Mortification themselves, declare for *Saugrenutio* : And the *Patriarch* being apprehensive of a general Insurrection, suspends his Indignation, and grants the High-Priest a farther Time to comply : Whilst the latter, satisfy'd with having defer'd his Ruin, imagines he has escap'd the Danger, trusting, that, during the Troubles that were arising, they would be afraid of attacking him ; that till the Affair of the Skimmer was decided, he could no more be molested on that Head, and that, in all probability, it wou'd be a Mortification that
would

would not fall on him, but his Successor.



CHAP. XX.

The Prince returns to Chechian.

CHECHIAN was still disturb'd with these Broils, when *Tanzai* set out on his Return thither. What Account shall I give of my Travels? said he to himself. Shall I confess to *Neadarné* that it was in *Cucumber's* Arms I was restor'd to myself? After what Manner shall I acquaint her with a Circumstance so mortifying to her Love? Will she think I ought to be pity'd? Cou'd she have hoped for any Indulgence from me, if the same Thing had befallen her? but she knows of what Nature my Misfortune was, and when I give her convincing Proofs that it is remedy'd, can I avoid telling her which way my Cure was affected? Alas! How great would be her Grief? With what Sorrow should I overwhelm

whelm her, to inform her of all the Thoughts that possess'd my Mind? If she knew that my Heart had been unfaithful to her, and that for some Minutes, wholly full of the Idea of another, I not only gave way to, but even ran to meet the Misfortune that was prepared for me? If she could forgive me my having pass'd a Night in *Cucumber's* Arms, could she pardon my having imagined, that any one besides herself could make me happy? Ah! let me conceal my Shame from *Cheebian*; let me appear there again in *Statu quo*, but let it never be known by what Remedy I was restored.

Whilst *Tanzai* was thus arguing with himself, he drew near to his own Dominions, and at last beheld again the so much desired Walls of *Cheebian*, after having been absent from thence almost three Months. He was scarce seen to appear, before the great Sackbuts giving Notice thereof to the People, their Illuminations, Huzzas, and most extravagant Transports, inform'd the King that the Prince had again enter'd the City. *Neadarné*, seiz'd with the
most

most tender Emotion, swooned away for Joy. She was still in that Condition, when *Cephae's* brought *Tanzai* to salute her. The Pleasure he felt on seeing her again, gave way for a while to the Fear he was in of losing her. *Neadarné!* my dear *Neadarné!* cry'd he, Ah! was I only to find you again to be tortured with the Dread of beholding your Death? Cruel Fairy! was this the Misfortune with which you threaten'd me? At last, *Neadarné*, at the Voice, and reiterated Kisses of her Spouse, open'd her Eyes, and, embracing him in her Turn, O *Tanzai!* O Joy of my Life! said she, do I again set Eyes on you? How many Tears has your Absence cost me? Alas! Nothing but the Pleasure of your Return, can equal the Grief your Departure has caused me.

They would never have done with looking tenderly on each other, and with their Transports, if the King, impatient to know how it was with the Prince, had not interrupted them. Sir, said *Tanzai*, this Skimmer, fasten'd again to my Button-hole, may

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may assure you that it no longer incommodes me ; and I am the most deceiv'd in the World, if the Princess, when examin'd to Morrow, will not satisfy you agreeably of the rest.

The King was just going to inquire how that Miracle had been wrought, when the Courtiers enter'd the Apartment through their Impatience to see *Tanzai* again, not suffering them to defer paying him their Homage. *Saugrenutio* also made his Appearance there with them, not that he was actuated by the same Desire, but only to know, whether the Prince, by Chance, had not lost his Skimmer.

He turn'd pale on seeing it again, and *Tanzai* could not put such a Constraint upon himself as to give him a good Reception. He still attributed to his Refusal all the Misfortunes which had befallen him ; and the last of all having touch'd him more sensibly than the rest, he had resolved, sooner or later, to have him severely punish'd for it. It was with Design to put this in Execution, that, before him, he enquired
what

what had pass'd, and ask'd whether a rebellious Subject should not at least be chastiz'd. - The King, having inform'd him what had pass'd in the Assembly, assured him of *Saugrenutio's* Obedience; but the High Priest, very much displeased with this Discourse, went immediately away, fully satisfy'd that his Majesty would be vastly mistaken in his Reckoning. The Couriers being soon dismiss'd after him, *Cephaes* and the New-married Pair supped together in Private.

Now that we are at Liberty, Son, said the King, let us hear the History of your Disenchantment. It is very singular, answer'd the Prince, with an Air of Confusion, and you will, undoubtedly, be vastly surprized, when you are told that all this great Work was the Effect of a Dream only. Of a Dream! cry'd the King amazed; what did the *Ape* mean then, and to what End did he make you Travel? You would have slept full as well here as elsewhere: But tell us a little what this Dream was. Sir, said he, and you, Madam, after having travell'd over
several

several vast Regions, I came last to a Forrest.

Then he related, without the least Variation, the Adventure of the Fairy and the Kettle. After leaving the Fairy, pursued he, I was overcome with an extreme Desire to sleep. Not being able to get the better of it, I laid me down at the Foot of a Tree. As I was wholly taken up with the Thoughts of what had befallen me, it would have been strange if my Imagination, heated therewith, had not made it the Object of its Operations.

These Thoughts produced a Dream, in the Disorder of which methought, I was transported to a magnificent Palace, where Owls spoke, and I was received with the utmost Splendor. Methought, I there beheld *Cucumber*, who, as a Reparation for the Injury done her with the Skimmer, desired me passionately to pass the Night with her.

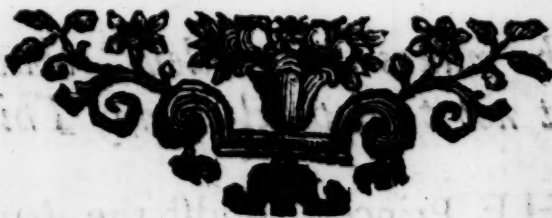
They say very true, who aver that, in our Sleep, we are so little in our own Power, that the most odious Object in the World will get the better of our Aversion. *Cucumber* assured me this was

was the only Thing which cou'd alleviate her Resentment; wherefore, after the most violent Struggle between my Love for you, and my Aversion for her, our mutual Interest made me at last yield to her Desires. In short, I awaked full of Horror, but at the same Time could not help being transported with Joy, when it was impossible for me to doubt of my Recovery.

My Lord, said *Neadarné*, then interrupting him, this Dream hangs very well together, and its Effect seems to me admirable; are you sure it was only an Illusion? Which way is it possible to doubt it, answer'd the Prince, when, on my awaking, I found myself at the Foot of the same Tree where I fell asleep? But, Princess, continued he, it is late: My Father has had much ado to refrain from sleeping; he ought to bestow upon his Repose the Moments he spends with us; and I know not whether the whole Night will be long enough to give me Time to tell you every Thing that concerns us. I had forgot that, said the King; go, Children, God keep you
from

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from the Faries. The Prince, after having bid his Father Good-night, took up *Neadarné* in his Arms, and carry'd her to her Apartment, where they shut themselves in, to taste those Pleasures of which an Account will be given in the third Part of this most-authentick History.



CHAR.



Tanzai and Neadarné.

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

Which makes it evident, that we ought not to depend on any Thing.

THE Prince, amidst the Ardours of his Passion, and the Agitations of the sharpest Impatience, imagin'd his Misfortunes were all ended by the Approach of the happy Moment; when the lovely *Neadarné* was to be consigned to his Arms. Her Presence not only kindled in his Soul those Desires that animate a Lover, when he gazes on the Object he adores, but likewise

likewise awaked in him those extatick Cravings, and all the soft Sollicitude we experience, in the Possession of a Bliss, after a Series of Disasters that made us apprehensive of losing it for ever. But whilst he indulged the Warmth of his Transports, the Recollection of that first Night which render'd him so unhappy, allarm'd him with a Dread, lest the second should be equally fatal to his Desires. The Menaces of *Cucumber* revived in his Mind, and the less able he was to conceive the Manner in which she intended to inflict her Vengeance upon him, the more formidable she appear'd to his Imaginations. Sometimes he would swear, tho' very moderately, at *Barbacela*. These, said he, are the Effects I derive from her Protection! she presented me with a Skimmer, and assured me it would prove the best Expedient for eluding those Calamities the Fates were preparing for me, when at the same time, it is the only Source of those that overwhelm me. Had it not been for her, I should never have exasperated old *Cucumber*, and when I was reduced to such a deplorable Condition; instead

of relieving me, as I expected, she has thought fit to disappear. I must confess her Manner of protecting me is very extraordinary, indeed, and I suppose she will come and offer me her Compliments, when I have no longer any Occasion for her Assistance.

He made all these Reflections while the Princess was undressing, and thought so much of Faries, that he at last remember'd the Fairy who formerly appear'd to him at the Kettle; and immediately ran to his Closet, to see if she had been punctual to her Promise, with Respect to the Salutary Water. The Reader may easily imagine what Opinion he entertain'd of her Integrity, when he found thirty Bottles of that excellent Liquor. His first Resolution was to drink off one at least. But no, said he, the next Moment, when I am once with my amiable *Neadarné*, her Charms will afford me all the Aid I can possibly need; and yet, continued he, the Efficacy of this Water, in Conjunction with my Passion, must certainly be productive of wonderful Effects; and if it should happen to be a Superfluity, how many Ladies would

would be well pleased to experience such a Singularity? Besides, when I have acquainted *Neadarné* with the Secret, she will certainly esteem herself the more on that Account, and it is always prudent to inspire a Woman we love, with favourable Sentiments of her Charms, since we shall be sure to gain some Advantages by that Proceeding: Whatever *Neadarné* may have said to me, and as indifferent as she is pleased to seem to those Pleasures, that she treats as if they were indecent, I am persuaded she will entertain a different Opinion To-morrow. These Reasons had such a prevailing Effect upon him, that he emptied the Bottle he had open'd, and then return'd to the Apartment of the Princess, as her Women were retiring.

Neadarné expected him with a languishing Softness, and *Tanzai* was too impatient for the blissful Enjoyment, to make her wait long. The Princess had already been so accustomed to be fold-
ed in his Arms, that she now suffer'd her Tenderness to prevail over her Virgin Modesty, and, with the warmest Glow of Transport, resign'd all her

Charms to her Lover, who was more disordered than her self, and did not consider them with such an Air of Amusement as he indulged the first Night. Love inspired them with such tender Caresses as left them destitute of the Faculty of Speech, and scarce allowed a Passage to their gentle Sighs. *Tanzai*, amidst these Joys, was solicitous for those that were still more rapturous, and each of them resign'd themselves to the pleasing Intoxication, with such an amorous Frenzy as enchanted them with its Increase. *Tanzai* was rather flatter'd than surpris'd at the plaintive Cries of *Neadarné*, and the Resistance he experienced; and, notwithstanding all her Sollicitations and Tears, he was only attentive to the Completion of his Triumph, and would have continued inflexible in his Purpose, if the Princess had not fainted in such a Manner as alarm'd him beyond Expression. But, as much disconcerted as he was by this Accident, he omitted nothing that he imagined would contribute to her Relief, and she at last recover'd from her Trance, tho' with infinite Difficulty.

The

The Account she gave the Prince of the Pains she had endured, and the extraordinary Emotion with which she assured him, she had found herself affected, obliged him to form a Judgment of the Affair by his Eyes. But what Pen can represent his Affliction, when he no longer discover'd the least Trace of that particular Beauty in *Neadarné*, in which he was most interested at that Moment? The Change in that enchanting Seat of Pleasure, was so extremely singular, that no one can think the Prince's Astonishment unnatural. *Neadarné* observing his Confusion, intreated him to acquaint her with the Cause; but *Tanzai*, instead of making her any Reply, conveyed her Hand where his Eyes were fixed. O Heaven! cried she, has this detestable Fairy avenged herself on me to? Ah! my dearest Prince, under what Stars has our Union been found? But how was it possible for this Misfortune to happen? Dearest *Neadarné*, said the Prince, there was so little required, for the Accomplishment of such an Effect, that I can never wonder at the Fairy's Pow-

er in this Particular. Wretch that I am ! continued he, must our Happiness then be defeated by eternal Obstacles, and am I to be for ever deprived of the Felicity of enjoying you ? But as you have obtain'd a Remedy for your Disaster, replied *Neadarné*, why should mine be incurable ? I am willing, said *Tanzai*, to indulge a Hope, that you may possibly be relieved ; but can you calm my present Tortures, with the faint Prospect of a distant Blessing ? Shall I only advance so often to the Verge of Felicity to be render'd more sensible of the Impossibility of acquiring it ? Ah, Prince, return'd *Neadarné*, do you imagine I have no share in an Accident of this Nature ! Does not my Tenderness make it more fatal to me, than perhaps it may prove to you ? Can you believe I am not sufficiently sensible that our Delights are extinguished by the severest Impediments, since my Love can refuse you nothing, and yours can only offer that for your Felicity, which is now defective.

The Rest of the Night was past partly in Conversation, and partly in unavailing Experiments.

Experiments. The Princess was unable to conceive how that which was offer'd to her View by the Prince, could formerly disappear in the Manner it did; and the Prince, who remember'd what *Neadarné* had permitted him to see, was overwhelm'd with Despair, to find no Remains of such an amiable Object, and employed his utmost Endeavours to frustrate *Cucumber's* Revenge. The Water of Health which he had drank, with an Expectation of employing it to a better Purpose, produced miraculous Effects; and if the Princess had not condescended to assist him, as well as her Inexperience would permit her, he undoubtedly would have suffer'd some unpleasing Circumstances, by the plentiful Draught he had taken, especially as he did not imagine there could be any Resource for him, in the cruel Situation to which he was reduced.

One remarkable Particular was, that *Tanzai*, who had been afflicted beyond Measure at his own Misfortune, was much more moderate in his Grief for *Neadarné's* Disaster. He adored

her without Doubt, but he had likewise those Motives for Consolation, which he did not enjoy the first time! He was determined to cherish his Passion for her tho' she should continue useless to him as long as she lived, but it was no little Satisfaction to him that he had it in his Power to be unfaithful, and that the Princess could not impute his Constancy to any natural Inability of being otherwise. Those Sentiments were extremely delicate, and I am not certain whether he would not have found their Execution difficult in the Event. *Neadarné*, in the mean time, was overwhelm'd with a Despair that became visible, notwithstanding all her Endeavours to conceal it. Of what Importance, said she to herself, will my Fidelity be to the Prince, and what Obligation will he think himself under to me, for loving none but himself? Who can give me any Reason to be certain, that so many unfavourable Events will not incline him to forsake me, and that he will not make me answerable for the Malice of the abominable *Cucumber*? What a wretched

ed State, alas, is mine ! When I was even in a Condition to gratify his Tenderness, I was apprehensive of the Extinction of his Passion, I have Sufficient Reason therefore to tremble at present, lest so many Obstacles that have been created him, should deprive me of his Heart.

They were still embarrassed with such Thoughts as these, when the Day began to appear : And the Prince being unwilling that the People should be acquainted with this new Calamity, resolved to go and consult with his Father, the proper Expedients for disenchanting the Princess.



CHAP. II.

In what Manner the Prince was chagrin'd.

THE King was still in a profound Sleep, when the Prince drew his Curtains. Ah double *Ape* ! cried the old Monarch, why are you here at such

such an early Hour? Are you a proper Person to wake me this Morning; and why have you left *Neadarné*? Resume your Place immediately. —

My Place is very delightful, indeed, interrupted the Prince, and had you been in my Condition, you would perhaps have risen earlier than myself.

Are you then dissatisfied with the Princess, replied the King; as well as she has been educated I confess she may be a little unexperienced. By all the Hairs on the sacred Tail! cried the impatient Prince, the Affair is of a different Nature: *Neadarné* is nothing at all, and what I am is insignificant to her. The Gate of Joy is for ever closed.

O Heavens! what do you tell me! replied the King, let us immediately assemble the Council. Ah, my Royal Father! said the Prince, what can the Council say to an Affair of this Nature? Your Secretary will be for making Incisions, and *Saugrenutio* will order us to consult the Ape, which indeed seems to be the properest Course of the two. But it will be sufficient if we consult this Ape in private, for I have

have no Inclination to publish my Misfortune to all the World, which would only expose us to the publick Dirision. Let us acquaint the High-Priest that we intend to come *incognito* to the Temple. The first Oracle we receiv'd, encourages us to have a Recourse to a second. Tho' I shall not be much pleased if it orders *Neadarné* to undergo the same Operations that have been practis'd on me. And wherein would you be injured, replied the Monarch, should *Neadarné* have such a Dream as yours? Let us cast about to prevent it however, rejoyn'd the Prince, and I am perswaded the whole Affair might be happily concluded, could we only prevail on *Saugrenutio* to lick the Skimmer. But, alas! how shall we be able to persuade him? He is resolv'd to be inflexible, and we are prohibited from treating him with any Violence.

Saugrenutio, whom the King had order'd to be sent for, enter'd the Apartment, and *Cucumber* had been so industrious, as to dictate to him the Oracle he was to utter. The Prince therefore

fore might have spared himself the Pains of acquainting him, as he did, with the Circumstances of the Fact. *Saugrenutio*, when he had heard all the Particulars, thought adviseable to proceed immediately to the Temple, because the Ape never utter'd his Oracles in the City. They immediately comply'd with his Intimation, and when the usual Ceremonies were over in the Temple, the Ape deliver'd this Oracle in Prose, that it might be more intelligible.

The Princess will never be restored to her former State, till the great Genius CHAWMOLE shall have treated her agreeably to his sacred Pleasure.

His sacred Pleasure! cry'd the Prince, in a Transport of Rage, I am of Opinion that will never happen. Excellent, indeed, said the King, you are always mighty careful to allarm yourself. You behaved in the very same Manner before your last Departure, and yet what Injury did you sustain? Do you know what will be the Genius's Pleasure? But should it happen to prove as you suspect, would it not be better for
you

you to submit to it, than to see *Neadarné* for ever in her present Condition? Believe me, Sir, it would not be better, reply'd the Prince, and I had rather, once for all, that her Charms should be for ever useless to me, than consent to have them qualified for my Desires, by the Arms of another. False Delicacy of Thought! cry'd *Saugrenutio*; Is not the Event the very same, while you deprive yourself of a real Felicity, through the Apprehensions of an imaginary Evil? Bowels of the Ape! exclaim'd *Tanzai*, concern yourself with your own Affairs: If your Concubine, the Priestess, were only to be sent to the Place where you would dispatch my Wife, you would, perhaps, be as much exasperated as myself. No more of these clamorous Sounds, said the King, but let me know who this *Chawmole* may be, for I think I never heard him mention'd before. He is a very potent Genius, reply'd *Saugrenutio*, and nearly related to *Cucumber*, whose Quarrel he undoubtedly has espoused. He is of a very amorous Complexion, and the *Island of Junquil*,

Junquil, where he usually resides, is no more than a Seraglio of the finest Women in the Universe. All those of the Sex that have any Affairs to transact with him, are obliged to pass a Night, at least, in his Palace. What they do there, is indeed unknown; but if we may believe all the Ladies who return from thence, he is the most obliging Genius upon the Face of the Earth. Your Majesty is a proper Judge, what Credit they are entitled to; the Husbands, however, have the Satisfaction of continuing always in Doubt, which is a favourable Circumstance in a Case of this Nature. I own it to be some Comfort, said *Tanzai*, but I swear I never intend to have any Occasion for it. You may possibly have Recourse to it, without much Danger, reply'd *Saugrenutio*, and there is one sure Expedient to make the Genius your Friend. The greater Number of Moles you carry to him, the more Indulgent he will prove. It is almost ten Years ago since he first took a Fancy to eat them, and they are, at present, the only Food he esteems. We are
then

then so happy as to have Moles enough to content him, answered the King, and it will likewise be a Satisfaction to myself. My Gardens are quite destroy'd by these Vermin, and the Kingdom is so happy as to produce an infinite Number of them. I intend this very Day to order each of my Subjects, by a Proclamation, to bring me ten of these Animals at least. But which way do you travel to this *Island of Funquils*? The same way as his Royal Highness took, continued *Saugrenutio*, and when you have past the Forest, you must remember to strike off to the Left.

All this is meer Moonshine, interrupted *Tanzai*, I will never permit *Neadarné* to quit the Kingdom, and I did not espouse her that she might be *Chawmole's* Mistress. Divorce her then, replied the King, since you are so enjoin'd by the Laws, if the Princess should not present the Kingdom with an Heir at the Expiration of the first Year. The Prince was silenc'd by this last Reason, and signified his Compliance with the Oracle. It was thought proper to conceal the Cause of the
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the Journey agreed on, and to defer it no longer than was necessary to collect all the Moles in the Kingdom. Fear nothing, said *Saugrenutio*, the Ape tenders you his Paw ; and I am certain, from this auspicious Omen, that your Journey will be fortunate, and the Princess will receive no improper Treatment. The Ape has a natural Aversion to those People, who are destin'd to be affronted in the Manner you apprehend. He, however, has been as condescending to you, as he was to me, reply'd the Prince, and I believe the Omen to be altogether insignificant ; but let us quit the Temple, that we may inform *Neadarné* of the Progress she is to take. When *Tanzai* and his Father return'd to the Palace, they found the Princess in great Inquietudes, which were not a little increased, when they acquainted her with the Oracle, and the intended Journey. It is to no purpose for us to quit the Palace, said she to her Spouse, for my Condition will be the same in the *Island of Junquils* as it is here. Shall I consent to be fold-ed in any Arms but yours ! never, believe

lieve it I entreat you; and I would sooner continue in my present State as long as I live, than bestow one Glance on this Genius. We have no Suspicions of your Virtue, Madam, reply'd the King, cease then those Tears, for *Saugrenutio* assures me you will sustain no Prejudice. The Affair must be as we have told you, said the Prince, and I seem to be sensible that we shall be happy in the Event. Order, Sir, I conjure you, continued he to his Father, the Preparations for our Departure. I ask your Pardon for this Freedom, but my Mind is discomposed, at present, to such a Degree, that I am unable to charge myself with that Care. The King retired, at these Words, and left *Tanzai* to make several vain Trials of his Sufficiency to render the Journey unnecessary to the Princess.



CHAP. III.

Which must not be past over, however impatient the Reader may happen to be.

THE Prince finding all his Attempts ineffectual, departed from Cbechian with Neadarné, with each of them a Train of twenty Waggons loaded with Moles, and equally disquieted in Mind. *Tanzai*, who adored *Neadarné*, was infinitely dejected at the Idea of beholding her in the Arms of another, and *Neadarné*, who was affected with the same Tenderneſs for the Prince, could not bear the Imagination of owing her Charge to a Circumſtance which her Delicacy, as well as her Love, form'd into a frightful Image. They had already travell'd for ſeſeral Days, which were ſhorten'd by their mutual Careſſes, when they at laſt arrived at a Meadow ſo diverſified with the Flowers that enamelled it, that

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that the Princess, who was fatigued with her Journey, order'd her Pavillions to be rais'd on the Banks of a Rivulet which imbellished the blooming Scene, and diffused a gentle Slumber on the Eye-lids of the Lovers, who had no better Manner of employing their Time. When *Tanzai* had repos'd for some Hours on *Neadarné's* Bosom, he awaked ; and seeing that she still continued to sleep, he amused himself with a Walk on the Bank of the Rivulet, that form'd an infinite Variety of Meanders : And as he was lamenting the Peculiarity of his Fate, his Meditations were interrupted by a Mole that rose suddenly out of the Earth. His Persuasion that the benevolent Conduct of the Genius to *Neadarné*, depended chiefly on the Number of these Animals, that he should be able to offer to him, may incline us to believe he was very industrious to secure the little Creature that presented itself to his View ; and he had no sooner caught it, but he felt her Skin so soft, and saw she had so many Graces, especially such fine Eyes, (a Circumstance

stance so extraordinary in Moles, that perhaps this was the only one of the whole Species so adorned that he was tempted by the first Impulse of his Compassion, to restore his Captive to her Liberty. But afterwards, thro' a more refined Sentiment, he chose rather that it should owe that Advantage to *Neadarné*, for which Reason he carry'd it to the Pavillion.

Neadarné, who had just happen'd to awake, was going to look for the Prince in the Meadow, when he appear'd with his Prize. See, Joy of my Life, said he, what a pretty Creature I have caught; certainly that can never be an ordinary Mole. Ah! how charming it is, cry'd *Neadarné*, What! would you deliver it up to the *Genius*? It's Fate depends upon you, answered he, and I shall acquiesce with whatever you shall resolve on. I will keep it then, said *Neadarné*. How beautiful it is, added she, seeing it fawn'd upon her, it shall stay with us, I will take care of it myself; I am, perhaps, the only Woman in the World who has got so wonderful a Mole: Mine shall never stir a Step from me.

Women

Women frequently are susceptible of violent Passions, without knowing very well why ; and generally, the more ridiculous the Objects that strike their Fancy, are, the more passionately they set their Hearts upon them. Just so it happen'd with *Neadarné*, who took such a strong Fancy to her Mole, that, in a Quarter of an Hour afterwards, had she been to have sacrificed it to the Prince, she would, perhaps, have hifitated upon it.

We ought not, for this Reason, to have an ill Opinion of *Neadarné*, this Assertion, no doubt, is somewhat rash ; the *Cheebianean* Women, perhaps, are not like those of the rest of the World in their unaccountable Whims. However that be, the Princess, highly taken with her Mole, had a fine Collar put about its Neck, and held it in a String whilst she walk'd up and down the Meadow, without the Animals ever shewing any Desire of recovering its Liberty. She carry'd it herself to her Sedan when she got into it, and chid *Tanzai* so much, that
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it created a pretty sharp Quarrel, because he did not fondle it enough.

After some Days Travelling, which was not interrupted by any sinister Accident, they discover'd the Forest. *Tanzai*, who knew it again to be the same where he had met the Fairy at the Kettle, cou'd not help sighing, on the remembrance of the unfortunate Adventure with which ensued; and straitway, pursuant to *Saugrenutio's* Advice, he order'd his Retinue to strike off to the Left. However, he could not help feeling that cruel Oppression of Spirits and Forebodings, with which we are usually seiz'd at the Approach of any great Misfortune.

It will not be long then, said he, to *Neadarné*, with a deep Sigh, before I must be parted from you. Was it reserv'd for me then, who love you to Destruction, to deliver you almost into the Arms of another? A cruel Fate compels me to it; Ah! the Necessity of dying would be less dreadful to me. *Neadarné!* you will forget me! you will be expos'd a Prey to the Desires of

a *Genius*, who, as hideous as he doubtless is, will, perhaps, be more agreeable to you than me.

Well then, Prince, said *Neadarné*, let us return from whence we came; you know with what Regret I obey: You assure me you shall ever love me; contented then with this Promise, and secure of being Mistress of your Heart, what more can I have to desire? The whole Happiness of your Life depended, as you said, upon my being restored to all my Faculties; to please you, I submitted to every thing that could befall me: I got the better of my Reluctance, and silenced all the Dictates of my Virtue, as well as all the Remonstrances of my Love. And what is it to me, alas! provided your Passion for me does not abate, if I should continue as I am. You know to what a Degree I love you, and yet far from relying upon my Fidelity, you have the Assurance to imagine, that the *Genius* to whose Aid you force me to have Recourse, may chance to be agreeable to me.

Were he what he can never be, were he what you are, my Heart, reluctant to him, would still be wholly fix'd upon you. I know not whether those Pleasures you extol, are so exquisite as you represent them ; but, however that be, I believe they must derive from Love those Charms which you ascribe to them. I am sensible you create in me strange Desires, but 'tis yourself alone who cause these impetuous Emotions in my Soul. Should this *Genius*, the Thought of whom afflicts you, and torments me so much, make me experience those Extasies of which you have talk'd to me so often, and which you say, I had but an imperfect Taste of in your Arms, in the midst of that Disorder ; being no longer Mistress of myself, I should still be wholly yours.

Ah ! cry'd *Tanzai*, this is exactly the horrid Quietism of which I am apprehensive. These are those cruel Distinctions which the Mind makes, and of which the Heart is not sensible ; as happy with this *Genius*, as with me, nothing will be wanting to you, but an Idea

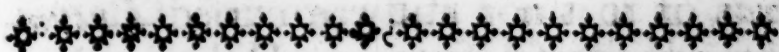
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Idea of Pleasure, and even that would not employ your Thoughts till afterwards ; so that all ~~the~~ Love you would reserve for me, would be, perhaps, to imagine, that I should have given you more extatick Transports.

Be it so, answer'd *Neadarné*, in a Passion ; but may I cease to love you if I go to the *Genius* : As for your Part, dissolve a Marriage which grows hateful to you ; *Neadarné* loves you well enough, to consent, at the Expence of her Life, to what your Indifference for her may probably suggest. The Prince made a sharp Reply to this Reproach ; the Princess was offended at his Reply, and they were going to fall out in good earnest ; when the Mole, which no Body would have suspected of being able to speak, growing out of all Patience at this ridiculous Quarrel, could not help shrugging up its Shoulders, and saying ; Adsheart ! What great Fools are Lovers ! Oh ! Heavens ! cry'd they out both in Amaze ! Oh surprizing ! continued the Princess, my Mole speaks.

I am very much mistaken, said *Tanzai*, if it is not still the cursed *Cucumber* who persecutes me : Did you hear how she swore ? However, I will now strangle her, since I am at last come to my self again. Hold, generous Prince, cry'd the Mole, don't confound me with your most cruel Enemy ; don't kill me ; you will stand in need of me ; Spare its Life, Joy of my Days, cry'd the Princess. What Simplicity ! answer'd he, endeavouring to choak her, don't you see it is *Cucumber* ? No, no, I am not her, cry'd the Mole, I am the Fairy *Whisker*, Cousin-German, and Friend to *Barbacela* : Take care what you are going to do.

When all is done, this may be true, said the Prince, growing calm ; but by what Adventure are you become a Mole ? You shall know that presently, answer'd *Whisker* ; but are you at Leisure to hear me ? I am mortally afraid of being abominably tedious. No matter, cry'd the Prince, we have nothing better to do. Hereupon the Mole began her Story, as will be seen in the next Chapter.



C H A P. IV.

Which, perhaps, will not be understood by every Body.

MY Grandfather was the great *Genius Chou-Macha*. As for my Father, I never rightly knew who he was; the Fairy *Chingara*, my Mother, would never declare him; whether it was not certain who he was, or that the Choice she had made did her no Honour: For it is not always to give themselves an Air of Discretion, that Women will not own their Adventures; but when their Vanity is flatter'd by the Quality of a Lover, their Virtue seems not to be so great a Loser.

Great Hopes were conceived of me when I was a Child; let me acquaint you with some Particulars. I was not as yet four Years old——
Cannot you begin your Story a little higher, said *Tanzai*, interrupting her? Well, you was very pretty, with-

out doubt, in your Infancy; but let us pass on to the Time when your Charms were of some Use to you. With all my Heart, answer'd the Mole: I was call'd *Whisker*, because when I am in my natural Shape, I have a very long one on my left Cheek. *Barbacela*, my near Relation, and my Godmother, insisted absolutely on breeding me up; and *Chingara* consented to it the more willingly, for, besides her knowing that my Godmother was in a Condition to give me a good Education, she would have been sorry to have, near her, a Daughter, who, in Time, might eclipse her Charms.

Barbacela carry'd me then into the Island of *Bawbles*, of which she is Sovereign. This Country, without Dispute, is the most free from Clouds of any in the World. The Men there are wholly taken up with amorous Sonnets and Madrigals. As for the Women, they have no other Care but how to please; and if any one of them should happen, when courted by a Lover, to be so unmindful of the Decorums of the Country, as only to pronounce the Word
Virtue,

Virtue, she would be banished for a whole Year from all Society.

I don't pretend to say that they yield at first Sight ; no, the Resistance lasts at leasts two Days ; and we have hardly ever seen Women consent sooner ; however, that is not without a Precedent at Court. These Customs seem very singular to you, and you are in the wrong. Let one of those Women whom you call virtuous amongst you make her Lover wait a Month ; that is a long Time. Well, at the End of his Sufferings, what does she give him, but what another, who is less prepossessed in Favour of Decency, gives him immediately ? For, look you, it all comes to the same Thing, the same effectual Tenderness is at the Bottom.

In the midst of a Woman's studied Refusal, her yielding is always the Point kept in View ; whether she surrenders immediately, or makes her Lover wait, the critical Minute is sure to come at last ; but the Imagination has anticipated it too long before-hand ; in vain does one pull Desire by the Sleeve, it is with Difficulty one can awaken it ; and if it

does chance to awake, Pleasure, to which it has beckon'd at too great a Distance, either does not come in Time, or no longer cares to come.

Virtue is but a Trifler, which always seeks to make you lose your Time, and when she thinks she has sent Love a packing. ——— Begin again a little what you have been saying, cry'd *Tanzai*, interrupting her; let me die if I have understood one Syllable. What Language do you speak? That of the Island of *Baubles*, answer'd the Mole. You would oblige me highly, reply'd *Tanzai*, if you could talk mine; how the Devil do you make a shift to understand your self? I guess at my Meaning, resum'd the Mole; but let me go on, I no longer knew where I was. Where Virtue trifles, said *Neadarné*. No, no, cry'd the Mole, that was but a Reflection. I don't know then, said *Neadarné*, whereabouts you are in your Story; ah! you was at those Women who yield at first Sight.

My Godmother, resum'd the Mole, bred me up in the Customs of the Country, and I began already to know what

my

my Face was, when I was but just out of my Infancy. 'Till we come to a certain Age, we see our selves without taking any Notice of our selves ; we don't study our own Charms, nor know the Value of them, they are far from our Thoughts ; and the Desire alone of trying their Power, makes us sensible of them ; we begin then to know our selves. Were it not for the Men, a Woman might be handsome, and not be sensible of it, or suspect it, and no more.

I just began to find my self to my own liking when the *Genius Jonquille* arrived in our Island. I was lively, inviting, and my Beauty was stampt (if one may use that Expression) with Coquetry. He conceived the most violent Passion for me ; but the Prince of *Cor-*
morants, who had arrived there half an Hour before him, had seen, ey'd, and smitten me. In Matters of Love, we depend upon a single Second.

Jonquille knew not that he was come too late ; I perceived his Passion with Regret, and the Discovery obliged me to conceal my own. As my Love for

Cormorant was not known, every one was surprized at the Indifference with which I treated *Jonquille*: In vain had he Recourse to his Charms, and his Sighs; all the Justice I did him, went no farther than Esteem; which is not a Sentiment of sufficient Distinction, for one who has flatter'd himself with the Hopes of inspiring a more lively Passion.

The most splendid Entertainments, the most magnificent Presents, the most submissive Affiduities, and the most timorous Respect, were the only Arms he made use of to overcome my Cruelty. I dissembled with him a long while: I knew my Lover had every thing to fear from *Jonquille's* Anger, should he once suspect him of being his Rival: I contented my self therefore with seeing him in Secret, and sacrificing to him the Vows and Presents of *Jonquille*.

I have been told since, that it is no new Custom, and that what a Woman gets from a rich Lover, serves often to purchase the dear Man who has had the Luck to please her Fancy. I was the more apprehensive of *Jonquille's* suspect-
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ing *Cormorant*, because he was the only one in the whole Court, who was worthy of attracting my Regard. He was the finest Dancer in the World; no-body made a Bow with a better Grace: He could unfold all Riddles; play'd well at all Sorts of Games, whether they required Strength or Address, from Nine-holes to Foot-ball. His Shape was charming, a perfect Bundle, if I may say so, of the most uncommon Charms; he knew how to play on all Sorts of Instruments, which he accompany'd with a most enchanting Voice.

Did he play well upon the Sackbut? said *Tanzai* hastily. It was one of his Favourite Instruments, answer'd the Mole. So much the better, answer'd he, there is none that comes near it; but go on with your Story, I interest my self actually very much in your Prince's Welfare.

Besides the Qualifications I have already enumerated, continued she, he made very pretty Verses. His Conversation, both gay and serious, pleased equally by its Charms, and its Solidity. Grave with the Prude, free with
the

the Coquet, and melancholy with the Tender; there was not a Lady in the Court but he was her Delight; nor a Man but who was jealous of him.

His superior Wit, however, did not make him unsociable; Artfully complaisant, he knew how to suit himself to every Thing; he was the greatest Master imaginable of the sprightly Language of our Island; there was no-body but who was charm'd to hear him; and although that Savage being called *Good Sense*, did not always agree very well with what he said, the insupportable Elegance of his Discourse, either made him no Loser by the Bargain, or was so great, that *Good-Sense* concealed behind a miraculous Multitude of Words, placed to the best Advantage, would have seem'd nauseously insipid to her most absurd Admirers, if her Nakedness had not been so well covered.

In Effect, *Reason* is very vulgar; she always appears what she really is; she is afraid of being lost in Gayety; and never fails starting back when she meets with a Thought oddly turned, or
when

when a sprightly Whim places itself to Advantage in the Heart. After all, if she gets the better, it is in a Manner so insulting to human Nature ; the best-bred Self-love gains so much Discredit by it, loses so many Graces, and imbibes so ill an Opinion of itself, that it must be very ridiculous not to fall out entirely with her.

The Fancy is of a more sociable Humour ; the Dignity of its Behaviour makes you sensible that its Education has been free from Prejudices : It is beholden only to itself, for all its Thoughts depend not upon any Thing, but stands upon its own Bottom ; it wings its Flight without running Back to take its Spring : What Reflexion produces, grows heavy under the Labour it requires ; what Fancy brings forth is bold and daring ; the one absorbs by its Gravity, the other rowzes by its Petulancy ; one sees the one at a great Distance upon the Road, the other leaps out upon you on a sudden.

Reflexion retrains ; her Regularity is but Indigence, the Cloak of a baren Genius, which she destroys at the same Time

Time that she flatters it. The Fancy, independent of every Thing, performs its Operations without any Calculations; its Effects always seducing swifter then Lightning, shine, astonish, and dazzle, it assumes whatever Shape one pleases; always noble, its august Air, even when most sportful, speaks in Favour of its Extraction, whilst *Reason*, always clownish in Comparision of the Fancy, is forced to yield in spite of herself, and adds by her ill Humour to the Triumph of her Rival.

Great Ape! cry'd the Prince: Ah! said *Neadarné*, overcome with Pleasure, Ah! how charming is that! were it not for our Mole, we should have been tired to Death. I am overjoy'd, answer'd *Whisker*, that my Thoughts are not lost upon you; I had a strong Fancy that your Taste was far from Childish. But, resum'd *Neadarné*, can one learn this Language without Trouble? Will it not break in on ones Repose?

For my Part, cry'd *Tanzai*, I believe not; and fancy that with the Disposition wherein I see you, and the Instructions *Whisker* will give you, you will
soon

soon learn to speak as superficially as herself. But, what Misery is it, added he, to make Use of this paultry Jargon? You are two Hours descanting upon Reason and Fancy, without giving me a Specimen of either the one or the other. If you continue your Story in the same Manner, I will not answer for it that I shall hearken to it patiently. Let the Mole alone, said *Neadarné*, interrupting him, upon Honour it is as fine as possible, you talk enough to charm one. The Prince shrugg'd up his Shoulders, and *Whisker* resumed her Discourse as follows.



CHAP. V.

Which is agreeable to the Former.

YOU will easily agree, I believe, after what I have just said of *Cormorant*, that my Fancy for him was justify'd. One Look alone of his would have been sufficient to have turned the Head of any Woman, who was in the least

least susceptible of a tender Passion; wherefore, it is not surprizing that his Merit made so lively an Impression upon me. There are so many Passions founded only upon Caprice, that I am very glad to shew you mine was not determined by nothing.

The first Time I saw him (and Love cannot take Rise but from the first Moment) who would not have been smitten by him? He was at Court at *Barbacela's*; all the most gallant Courtiers were then consulted by our Ladies about the Choice of their Dress, about the Fashions then in Vogue, and the Difficulty of inventing new ones; this was as you see, a Matter of the last Importance. Every one did his utmost to shine upon that Occasion. The Prince, who was but just arrived at Court, resolved with so much Ease, all the difficult Cases that were started, and invented such pretty Fashions, that there was not one who did not admire his Wisdom, and his lively Fancy. For my Part, I was wounded *incognito* to the Bottom of my Heart. A particular Earnestness with which he seem'd to gaze upon me, rivited
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the Inclination I already perceived in my self for him, and I seconded it so powerfully by my Reflexions, that at Night when I left him, my Passion could no longer receive any Addition.

The Charms of his Wit, which display'd themselves during the Liberty of a small Repast, compleated my Defeat. Some obliging Things which he said about my Beauty, and his Silence to every one besides, convinced me that his Heart was no longer at quiet; for that is easily perceived; Love is a Passion that disorders the Mind, and in Order to settle itself therein at its Ease, makes it self Master of all the Faculties, and suffers them to act only for its Advantage. My Heart, which seem'd, at the first Glance of his Eye, to be of Intelligence with his, forswore all its Decorums, and by an unseasonable Blunder, trampled under Foot all the reasonable Thoughts that might have opposed its Passion. We mutually answered each other's Sighs, and if we had continued longer together that Night, our Desires would not have gone to Bed so Childish as they did.

I know not how he pass'd the Night, but for my Part, sleep in vain would have seized upon my Senses; whatever Advice it gave me, I chose rather to be ruled by Love, which being quite a Stranger in my Heart, took up its Thoughts more agreeably, than the most pleasing Dream doubtless could have done. In Effect, what is Sleep when one is in Love? Whatever Sweets it prepares for you, are they worth the reasonable Disorder of your Imagination? Especially when, sure of being beloved, flattering Hope disposes all Objects just according to your Wish. In a Dream our Ideas are indistinct, and sometimes lucky, but often directly contrary to their Source. When we think ourselves on what we love, we fix the Employment of our Thoughts, extend them to what we please, and the Passion that determines them, knows always how to render them amusing.

I was hardly got out of Bed when *Cormorant* enter'd my Apartment. I was then in a private Closet, but he had the Boldness to disturb me in my Retirement. The Confusion and Desires
that

that were painted in his Eyes, with his timorous Gravity, convinced me I was beloved. I must own I had not the Resolution to render his Conquest painful to him, and besides my Rank obliged me to make the Advances. A favourable Glance then dispell'd his Fears, and without ingaging my Virtue too much therein, for that is the Advantage of knowing the World, without seeming to desire it, I brought him to the Point of making his Declaration.

I don't remember at present after what manner he turn'd it, but it was so intelligible that it was only my own Fault if I did not seem displeased thereat. It did not become me to answer it directly ; but, on the other hand, not being willing to make him desperate, I squeez'd his Hand ; an Action that is indifferent in itself, and about which one may always excuse one's self, if it does not succeed. I would not, tho' sure of his loving me, venture any more. The first Advances ought to be moderate ; if a Lover has never so little Wit he understands them, and it is but pushing

pushing them farther without Reserve, if he is such a Novice as not to understand them.

I was not put to that Trouble with *Cormorant*, he knew that every Hand that squeezes another wants a Kiss: He took one then, and blush'd with the Pleasure it gave him; I blush'd also, but it was because he did not take another. I gave him a Look which disorder'd me strangely; it would very fain have been tender, and I was not displeas'd it should be so; nevertheless it ought not to have seem'd so, and I endeavour'd to manage so, that it should appear only confused, that it should express only the Anger I ought to have been in; but I did not succeed, and Love, which guided it, framed it as it were for himself, before I had so much as thought how to correct the Expression.

Had I had to do with one of less Penetration, I might have come off Scot-free; but that Traytor, *Cormorant*, interpreted it to his own Advantage, took it for what it really was, and for what I never imagined it to be. In
order

order to thank me for it, he again kiss'd my Hand, which I had not thought to draw back from between his. He was moved ; I began not to reason so much as to be affected with his Passion ; he was at my Knees, which is a Posture that always strikes one, and is far from being indifferent ; if it shews Respect, it puts it in a Man's Power no longer to have occasion for it.

I stoop'd down only to engage *Cormorant* to get up ; he took that Opportunity to surprize a Kiss from me, which prick'd me to the Heart, it was the first I had ever experienc'd in my Life. All my Senses were in Confusion, my Head, in spite, of me remain'd reclin'd upon his. I have since experienc'd the same Pleasure ; it has always been dear to me, but it never before touch'd me so sensibly. I know not what *Cormorant* at that Moment did with himself, I believe, had he been less absent in his Thought, I had been ruined. When I recover'd from my Disorder, the Prince was still in his ; his Eyes were full of a tender Languishment, his Sighs were interrupted, and, his
Heart

Heart being oppress'd, he did not fetch them but with great Difficulty. How happy was it then for me that he could not attempt any Thing! The Instant of his declaring himself would have been likewise that of his Happiness: It was what was customary at Court, but I would not submit to it.

I knew enough of the Men to be sensible they ascribe a too easy Conquest, not so much to the Love we have for them, as to our being accustomed to yield presently; and that they had rather mortify their own Vanity, then not humble ours; and this Reason restrained me, when my Modesty would not have done it. Ah Prince! said I to *Cormorant*, leave me, ought not you to have defended me from my Weakness? Do not add to the Weakness of my Reason, recover yourself, and restore me to myself: I love you, alas! you can no longer doubt it, the Proofs of my Tenderness have anticipated my Confession of it: How glad am I, that I have not given you all, and to think that Love has still a thousand Presents in Store for you! let us enjoy the Pleasure
sure

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sure of adoring each other, let us give ourselves up to it ; let our Days glide away in our Ardour, let them only return to find us therein again ; may the present, by bringing to our Minds the past , encourage us to love without ceasing ; and may we for the Time to come, be sensible only of the Happiness we experience at present ! Happy in being both immortal ! And yet more happy in rendering our Love as immortal as ourselves !

Ah ! divine Fairy, cry'd *Cormorant*, I am no longer able to bear my Transports ; your Goodness confounds me : Does not my being unable to express my Gratitude sufficiently prove to you how much I am affected by it. But, nevertheless, even you your self cannot conceive how exquisitely dear it is to me. Contented with adoring you, even tho you should have made me sink under your Cruelty ; imagine, if it be possible, my Raptures, when I see you sympathize with me in my Flame. Happy in living to adore you, and devote to you every Moment of my Life ? But wretched in not having it in my Power
to

to dye, if ever your kind Sentiments of me should be changed. Nevertheless, *Junquille* loves you ; what a Rival ! and tho' I should have nothing to apprehend from your Inconstancy, what have not I to apprehend from his Power, and perhaps from his Charms ?

I own it, said I, he has made me a Declaration of his Love ; but I shall not be obliged long, either to put a Constraint upon my own Affection, or to bear with his. I will take so much Pains to dishearten him, and to render you happy, that he shall groan with Anguish, as much as you shall sigh with Pleasure. A Passion that has no longer any Hopes, is exasperated at first, but afterwards grows languid. Tired out, with the little Success of his Affiduties, believe me, his Pride will make him sooner carry to another, those Vows which he finds despised. But let us put a Constraint upon ourselves ; as much a *Genius* as you are, you know how much his Power is superiour to yours : Not being able to shorten your Days, at least he would render them miserable ; undoubtedly
we

we should never more see each other. Ah ! I cannot think of it without trembling: Contented with being able, in publick to tell each other mutually with our Eyes, that we burn reciprocally with the same Flame, let us resolve the Proofs thereof to Places where we shall be secure. But, haste away from hence, I dread our being surprized here, and the Cause of both our Confusion's being suspected, in a Court where Love is the principal Employment of the Courtiers, it would be no Difficulty for them to judge aright.

The Prince, who was apprehensive, that the violent Passion I express'd for him, might be only a Caprice, would have been very glad before he left me, to have his Happiness ascertained by more pregnant Favours ; but it was not my Intention to carry my Weakness so far. I imagine, not without good Grounds, that it was not owing to my Virtue I was so reserved ; and I don't well know whether it was out of Delicacy ; but I can hardly believe, that if I had made *Cormorant* leave me, I could have kept myself within the

same Bounds as I had hitherto: His Eyes were so tender, and I was so weak! Besides, he had express'd so many Raptures for a Trifle, that I should have had a Mind to have seen, to what an Excess his Gratitude would have carry'd him, had I given it more Room to display itself. He went away with Regret, and I endeavour'd to conceal from him, that it was with Regret also I let him go.

He had scarce left me to myself, but I reproach'd myself, not with what I had done, but with having sent him away so well contented. I should have been extremely vex'd to have had him doubt of my Affection, and yet I did not think it proper that he should be so well assured of it. Although I did not as yet well know all, that one loses with a Man, when his Desires are once satisfy'd; I rightly judg'd, that however passionate he might be, at least he would have lost the Pleasure of Curiosity; and I was sensible by myself, that this Pleasure has some Place in the Soul, and that it could have no Entrance there but once for one and
the

the same Object. I had resolved therefore within myself, notwithstanding my Passion for *Cormorant*, to let him sigh a long while, and even some times to leave him in Suspence: My Love indeed suffer'd by my Recourse to this Policy, but it seem'd to me so necessary, that I got the better of my Reluctance in this Respect.

When I met him again the same Day, my Eyes were not so expressivé as they had been in the Morning; I even left therein a Spice of Indifference, that stung him to the Quick: It is true, being well assured of the Chagrin I had caused him a tender Look, full of Fire, which I fix'd upon him, labour'd to restore him to his former Hopes. I know that in the World, the Men call this Sort of Behaviour Coquetry: But for whom do we take this Pains, if it is not for them? What Charms would not they soon think insipid, if we were not carefully to give an Edge to their Inclinations?

Do we always love them tenderly? Sure of finding us in a constant Evenness of Temper, they no longer desire

us. A Caprice, which they never expected, rowzes them from their Lethargy ; they see themselves, with Despair, on the Point of being deprived of a Blessing, which they no longer enjoy'd with Indifference. The Pains they take to recover it, renews their Ardours : They no longer remember that we were theirs ; they want to have us continue so. Our approaching Loss makes them only sensible how necessary we were to them ; they love us the more, and consequently become more dear to us ; the Heart gains by it on both Sides ; it is an additional Tenderness which it experiences.

Has a Lover no Whimsto bear with, no Rivals to fear ? He imagines he no longer Loves, or, at least, that it is only through Custom, or through Gratitude. Is it not doing him a Service then, to bring him out of an Error that extinguishes his Pleasures ? The tender Lover returns, when the too fond Mistress disappears ; the Favours he received without Desires, become again more piquant to him than at first, as soon as he begins to imagine he shall
be

be deprived of them ; he cannot even conceive how he could ever slight them. In the midst of an unexpected Reconciliation, what a Triumph for us ! what a Charm for him ! to feel reviving in his Heart a Passion, of which it was no longer sensible.

Love is only what we please to make it ; if we should leave it just as Nature imprints it in us, it would be too much of a Piece ; being without Delicacy, it would likewise be without Transports. We are indebted for this Blessing only to our selves ; it was necessary to render it difficult, in order to render it agreeable. Our Influence over the Men depends upon ourselves, and whenever we chance to lose our Power, it is only owing to our Want of Address ; if they deprive us of our Ascendant over them, it is not their Fault. Alas ! poor Wretches ! they would never dream of it themselves ; determined for Slavery, they leave one's Chains only to put on another's ; they are very sensible they are made to be always in Subjection.

But, would we fix them ours eternally, let us never offer them a perfect Happiness; let us acquiesce with their Desires, but let us not destroy them, in the midst of the greatest Extasies, let something still be wanting, were it only a Sigh: Desire never dies but with being surfeited, and that is a Distemper that never befalls it but when we will not take Care to prevent it.

Ah! how enchanting is this! cry'd *Neadarné*. Upon Honour, my dear Mole, said *Tanzai*, I never in my Life heard any Thing so extraordinary as you. What fine Reflexions! cry'd *Neadarné* again. Granting they were as fine as you say they are, resumed *Tanzai*, I should not like them one Jot the better. They seem to me tedious, and misplaced; and I know nothing so ridiculous as to be witty unseasonably. At least three Hours has *Whisker* kept us in Suspence, about a Story that I should have related in one Quarter of an Hour. I think that to tell a Story agreeably, it should be plain and natural. If by Chance, any Point gives Rise to a Reflexion, let it
be

be made, but let it never destroy the main Part; let it be short, and let it bring back the Hearer to the Attention he ought to give to the Story that is reciting; and, above all, let People avoid, that preposterous Desire of Shining, which puts a Constraint upon the Wit, and deprives it of its natural Graces; a Part so necessary in all Sorts of writing or speaking, that, without it, I can see no real Beauties in any of them.

I no longer spoke to *Whisker* of her Jargon, I find it was born with her; but, to what purpose is this Heap of Ideas, always the same, although differently express'd? Why these Things said a hundred Times over, and cloath'd in another Dress to make their Appearance again, after a Manner that renders them Fantastical, without rendring them New? What is it to me, who have a Mind to come quickly to the Unraveling of your Story, to know all the Reflexions you have made too late upon your Adventures. Once for all, then, my sweet Mole, give me some Matters of Fact, and no more empty Froth.

You may be in the right, answer'd *Whisker*, but what is essential ought not to be treated like what is trifling. Very well! resumed *Tanzai*, she thinks now she has given me a sufficient Answer. Undoubtedly, said the Princess, she speaks admirably well. I know nothing so charming as to be able to talk two Hours, where others would not have it in their Power to entertain you one Minute. What signifies it if one does use frequent Repetitions, if one can but give an Air of Novelty to what has been already said? Beside this admirable Manner of expressing one's self, which you call Jargon, dazzles the Understanding, and puts People to a Stand; happy they, who in Conversation, can attain to this polite Taste?

What! must one always have Recourse only to the same Terms, and not dare to separate from each, those that one has been used to make walk together! why should it be forbidden to bring Words acquainted that never saw each other, or which believe they shall not agree together. Is not the Surprise they are in to find themselves with

one

one another a Thing that charms one? And if it happens, that with this Surprise that amuses you, they form a Beauty, where you thought to meet with a Defect, don't you find your self singularly astonish'd? Must a Prejudice —?

By the Great Ape, said *Tanzai*, interrupting her, you astonish me singularly yourself, and I am surprized at the little Time it required to infect you with that wretched Taste. But let us end the Dispute; let *Whisker*, if it be possible, finish her Story, and let her no more leave her *Cormorant* to hunt after vain Digressions. Come, go on, said *Neadarné* to *Whisker*; and, above all, give me an exact Account of what you have done, and not only of what you did think, but also of what you would have thought; in a Word, don't forget the least Circumstance; you tell a Story so admirably!



C H A P. VI.

*Which does not fall short of the
other two.*

I Was, then, resumed *Whisker*, at that Look, which satisfied *Cormorant*. He became so much in Love, that he no longer knew himself. How infinitely would this have pleased me, could I have seen his Absence of Thought in its full Extent! But my Reason had run after his, and Love prevented both my knowing of its Departure, and my wishing its Return. The Prince and I had agreed, as is commonly practised, to treat each other in Publick with only an Appearance of Friendship and good Manners; and that in Private, we would make each other Amends, as is likewise commonly done to this Day, for this cruel Constraint.

There was at the Foot of my Apartment a Garden, into which no-body enter'd but my self. I had given the
Prince

Prince a Key to this Retirement; and as soon as all the Court were gone to their respective Lodgings, I flew thither to meet him, and both of us sitting in a myrtle Grove, gave each other the most tender Assurances of our Love. All my Nights were pass'd in the same Manner, which I should not have done for any one who had loved me less passionately than *Cormorant*: But I know very well, that although my Complexion should have lost its Lustre thereby, and my Eyes had look'd never so heavy and drowsy, he would never have perceived it.

What will, perhaps, hardly be believed, considering our Desires, and the Convenience we had of satisfying them; is, that such charming Rendezvous pass'd over, without my Virtue's being prodigiously attack'd by the Prince's Transports. Sometimes, indeed, he would speak to me of his Sufferings, and the great Difficulty it was to him to bear them; but I came off then for some Trifles with which he was willing to be contented, in Expectation of better. Frequently I had a longing Desire

to grant him more, but the Night conceal'd my Disorder, and his respectful Modesty saved me from my own Weakness. At certain Moments I was angry with him for it, but however I did not tell him so.

Astonished oftentimes at a Reservedness unprecedented at our Court, the Prince would reproach me bitterly with it. The Condescension with which I had heard him the first Time, had given him no Room to foresee so long a Resistance; I was even surprized at it myself; but I was willing he should esteem me, and my Self-Love got the better of my Passion. When I think of them, however, how torturing are the Moments! An agreeable Man, who is beloved, and who inspires you with as strong Desires as you can create in him, is alone with you at Night. He takes certain Liberties which you permit, and yet you resist! It is not a Woman's Virtue that saves her on such dangerous Occasions, she no longer has any when she seeks them. In such a Case a Coquet alone can defend herself against the Transports of a Lover: I know
that

that Coquetry is not so meritorious as Virtue, but, at the same Time, it is more useful.

A Fortnight had now elapsed since *Cormorant* and I had mutually loved each other, and with the extreme Precautions we had taken, only the whole Court were sensible of our Correspondence: Nevertheless, their Respect to me hinder'd them from making their Jest on it openly. *Junquille* alone, notwithstanding the Interest he had in knowing the State of my Heart, was still ignorant of this Rival. He was sensible he was not beloved himself, but, whether it was his Self-Conceit, or the Notion he had of my Indifference, he did not imagine me smitten with any other. At last, too amorous, and too jealous not to be clear-sighted, he began to suspect that a secret Passion which possessed my Heart, was what secured all its Avenues against him.

To be satisfied of the Truth of this, he cast his Eyes upon all the Courtiers, and, in the midst of this cruel Examination, he fix'd them upon *Cormorant*. He discovered in that Prince an
Atten-

Attention, which seem'd to him to border more upon Love than Respect. He had likewise seen some of those Glances escape us, which, notwithstanding the Constraint we had impos'd upon our selves, were always animated too much by Love, not to be remark'd. The Prince's Attention to me when I spoke, the flattering Complaisance with which I listen'd to him, the Encomiums I gave to the most insignificant of his Discourses, in short, a thousand Things about which one is not upon one's Guard, and which, as trifling as they are, yet, when put together, weigh greatly, fix'd his Suspicions, and turn'd them into Certainty.

Whatever Desire he had to know more, he had not Recourse to the prodigious Secrets of his Art; he was not ignorant that it would be in vain for him to make use of them, and that Love, ever superior to him, would disdain to satisfy his Curiosity. Resolved therefore to dive to the Bottom, he rely'd only upon himself; and judging that the Night was the Time I chose to see *Cormorant* at Liberty, he made himself

self invifible, and convey'd himfelf into my Garden.

That very Night, I had refolved to yield my felf up, without Referve, to *Cormorant*, and to engage my felf fo-lemnly to him. We were both already in the Myrtle Grove, when *Junquille* enter'd the Garden. He was waiting impatiently for my coming out of my Chamber, when fome Sighs, of too tender a Nature, for a *Genius*, fo vers'd in foft Amours, to be miftaken in the Paflion that gave them Birth, deter-mined him to turn his Steps that Way. Alas ! It was we that fetched them ! Satisfy'd with my Lover, fure of his Fidelity, prefs'd by his Defires, and yet more by my own, I had fuffer'd my felf to fall upon a Bed of verdant Turf. *Cormorant*, lefs timorous than ordinary, had alfo ufed me with lefs Referve. At laft, we were juft upon recovering from the moft tender Intoxication, and pre-paring to plunge our felves, with Ar-dour, in the fame transporting Ex-tafies again, when a Blaze of Light fur-rounded us, and, parting in two, dif-cover'd the barbarous *Junquille*.

At

At this Sight, we remained motionless; we were far from expecting it; my Cloaths were still in the Disorder into which the Prince had put them; as he had threaten'd to put me into the same Condition again, I had not any Regard to Decency. *Cormorant* himself, in yet greater Distraction than me, was in such a Posture, as gave the jealous *Junquille* Room to imagine the most cruel Things. My Robe cover'd that Prince almost entirely; and the more *Junquille* found him intent upon admiring, I know not what Joys upon which he had at that Moment fixed his Eyes, the less allowable, he thought, it was for him to pardon the Offence.

Cruel! said he to me, with a Voice like Thunder, is it thus you meant to return my Affection? And thou, Wretch! pursued he, addressing himself to *Cormorant*, didst thou well consider whom thou wast about to injure? And dost thou believe thou canst escape my Vengeance? It is compleat, since thou canst not die; and every Moment of thy Life shall be distinguish'd by the most fatal Marks of my Anger. Take him

him away, continued he, and let him be well guarded, till I have given Orders about his Punishment.

At these Words, the Prince disappear'd, holding out his Arms to me. The Surprize, and my Grief, had struck me dumb at first, but my Disaster giving me fresh Strength; *Barbarian*, cry'd I, of what canst thou complain? And who told thee, that whenever thou lovedst, thou shouldst always be belov'd again? What Authority had I given thee over my Heart? Yes, *Cormorant* has charm'd me, and thy fatal Presence makes me yet more cruelly sensible how much I adore him. I fear not thy Vengeance, and shouldst thou even spare me, I should never the more be thine. Always full of the Misfortunes of my Lover, I shall never look upon thee but as the most odious of my Enemies. Punish me, if thou wilt; but be assured, that neither Time, or the greatest Misery, shall ever destroy my Love, and that it shall subsist as long as my Aversion for thee.

Very

Very well, Traytrefs, said the *Gemius*, thou shalt have thy Desire. Already was he approach'd to carry me away, when *Barbacela* came to deliver me from his Fury. I flew a long time with her in the Air; at last she set me down in this Meadow where you found me. Wretch! said she then to me, into what a dreadful Abyss has thy Love just plung'd thee! Thou lovest for ever the Object of thy Passion; thou would'st have been lost thyself if my Power had not saved thee from *Junquille's* Barbarity. Fly, conceal thyself from his Sight, till a more favourable Time permits thee to behold again the Light of the Sun. Become a Mole, and take care how thou strayest from the Meadow, I dare Prophecy for thee, through the Darkness of Futurity, that a more mild Fate will attend thee. The Day will come when one of my Favourites will put an End to thy Misfortunes, and a Princess will deliver the tender *Cormorant*. She then struck me with her Wand, and I became a Mole just as you now see me.

Before

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Before she left me, however, I ask'd her what *Junquille* had done with my Lover, and was inform'd by her, that he had condemn'd the poor Prince to tumble Heels over Head, and roll perpetually topsy-turvy in the Gardens of the Island of *Junquille*. You will find, said *Tanzai*, interrupting her, that it was on account of his Inclination for Dancing, that *Junquille* honour'd him with that Punishment. As for the rest, I don't doubt but it was of me the Fairy *Barbacela* spoke to you, and we will manage Matters so well—— But wipe your Eyes then, said the Prince, turning to *Neadarné*, who wept immoderately ; your Pity goes too far : After all, she is a Mole, and that is all ; and for *Cormorant's* Tumbling, I see nothing so very afflicting in that Thought.

Ah ! how hard-hearted are you ! said *Neadarné*, think only on the Misfortunes of two Lovers that are parted ; if the *Genius* had added no other Punishment, was not that enough to make them die with Grief ? Wou'd not any one that should separate me from you
for

for a Day, nay for an Hour only, infallibly cause my Death. But, continued she, to *Whisker*, how long is it since you lost *Cormorant*? Ten Years are elaps'd since that fatal Adventure, answer'd *Whisker*. *Barbacela* has been sometimes to see me; and I have been informed by her, that *Junquille*, still exasperated against me, having learnt that I was become a Mole, and not being able to guess at my Retreat, has commanded, in order to get me into his Power, that no one should appear before him without bringing him some Moles; hoping that, at last, I should be caught by some Body or other.

Had it not been for your generous Pity, he would have succeeded therein, alas! too well, I will testify my Acknowledgments to you for the Favour; my Power, tho' infinitely inferior to *Junquille's*, goes a great Way; but we approach his Territories, mind only to conceal me well. You fancy then, said the Princess, that you shall see *Cormorant* again; every Thing conspires, answer'd *Whisker*, to make me believe it: *Barbacela's* Promises, the
meeting

meeting you, which has already begun to make an Alteration in my Fortune ; and yet, above all, the Tranquillity of my mind.

You who know the *Genius*, said *Tanzai*, do you think he will come to the last Extremities with *Neadarne* ? Were it not for me, answer'd *Whisker*, there would be no doubt of it. The *Genius* is soon fired, *Neadarné* is beautiful, and the Singularity of her Adventure, would, perhaps, fire him as much as her Charms. But can't I accompany *Neadarné* ? cry'd he again. Well ! and what Defence would you be to her ? resum'd *Whisker*. *Junquille* loves Musick, you play incomparably upon the Sackbut, and he may very probably condemn you to play thirty Years at least to *Cormorant*, whilst he Dances. Leave all to my Management, I will be answerable for its Success beyond all your Hopes. The Prince, whom the Thoughts of *Junquille* disturbed so much, to be encouraged by the Fairy's Promises, sigh'd, and made no Answer, fully persuaded that *Whisker* could no more prevent *Neadarné's* falling into
Jun-

The History of
Junquille's Hands, than she could hinder
Cormorant from tumbling.



CHAP. VII.

Which will make more Readers, than
one Gape.

DURING *Whisker's* telling her Story, which, as the Reader must have been sensible, was very tedious, they had pass'd the Forest, and the Prince, discovering a great City afar off, ask'd its Name, it is the City of *Blue-Bottles*, answer'd *Whisker*; it is large and very well peopled; the King is tributary to *Junquille*, and his principal Agent for amorous Affairs. This Monarch has the Complaisance to take a List of all the Beauties upon Earth, who meet with singular Adventures, such for Instance as that of *Neadarné*; and *Junquille* gets them assign'd over to him by the Court of Fairies, where he meets with a thousand Condescensions.

This

This *Genius*, said *Tanzai*, has assum'd to himself a very extraordinary Employment! What sort of Pleasure can he find in taking Advantage of a Woman's Misfortunes? That is neither generous, nor delicate. You are in the right, resum'd the Fairy, but this Delicacy is the very Thing that he now minds the least in the World: He pretends that it is the sole Disturber of all Pleasures, and that when it does not intrude, they are neither less real, nor less lively. It is very hard to correct a Man, who has laid this down as a System to go by; and who, to confirm himself therein, immediately rests upon this; that your Women of refin'd Sentiments have always deceiv'd him, by giving him less Pleasure than those who have yielded themselves up to him out of Necessity, or actual Sensuality; and that it is the greatest of Follies, to deprive ourselves for one single Object, of all those who might please us.

This is the wretchedest way of thinking in the World, answer'd the Prince; I am better satisfy'd with only looking on *Neadarné*, than I should be in the Arms

Arms of the loveliest Fairy upon Earth. You have not, perhaps, been always so difficult, resum'd *Whisker*, but if you have, there is no disputing about the Pleasures of the Bed, they take their rise from Caprice, and that alone determine them.

I believe nevertheless, said *Neadarné*, that for these exquisite Pleasures so much sought after, there is a Necessity of calling our Inclinations to our Assistance; and the most amiable Man upon Earth, if he is not of my own Choice, would not have the same Effect upon me, as a Monster of whom I had framed to myself a flattering Idea. Abundance of Women, answer'd the Fairy, who have thought like you, have been undeceived by Experience. It is impossible to answer for the Critical Moment, there are some Instances when Nature alone Acts, and when one is directly in the same Case as one in a Dream, which represents to your sleeping Senses what Objects it pleases, and not those you would like best.

The Prince's Dream is a Proof of this; he would certainly rather have
thought

thought of you than *Cucumber* ; nevertheless — Oh ! undoubtedly ! cry'd *Tanzai*, interrupting her, for he grew impatient at *Whisker's* Indiscretion, one has not the Command of Things of that Nature : But we approach the City, and must adjourn this Dispute to another Time. It is not far then from hence to the Island of *Junquille* ? No, answer'd *Whisker*, five Leagues from this City is a great Lake ; upon that Island is situated divers Barks, gallantly adorned, to carry over the Beauties who have any Business with the *Genius*, and bring them back in the same Manner, without having any need of Guides.

With such Discourse, and a great deal more, not a Jot more significant, they enter'd the City. All the Inhabitants were of the finest Blue that cou'd be seen. Although the Prince and *Neadarné* travell'd *incognito*, their majestick Air, their numerous Retinue, and their magnificent Equipage, made the *Blue Bottles* judge that these Strangers were of greatest Quality. *Whisker* press'd the Prince to hasten to the

Lodging that had been prepared for him, and express'd so much Uneasiness, that he could not help asking her the Reason. It is not without a Cause I tremble, said *Whisker*, *Junquille* is now in the City, and I am afraid of his discovering me. And what is he come to do here? resum'd *Tanzai*. Nothing but Love ever brings him, answer'd the Fairy; the Women of this City, notwithstanding their Colour, are extremely handsome, and when the *Genius* has nothing else to do, he amuses himself with honouring them with his Love: The Men, who dread him, dare not refuse him any Thing, and much less the Women.

Sure enough, said *Tanzai*, this is a terrible *Genius*; Ah! *Neadarné*! how much to be pitied will your Beauty render me! Can I flatter myself, when I look upon you, that *Junquille* will not have the same Eyes as me? What will *Whisker's* Power avail us? How will she save you from the Desires of the *Genius*? In vain does she promise it; the nearer I approach to my Misfortune, the more sensibly the
Thought

Thought of it afflicts me ; I can no longer bear it, I am even sensible, that at your Return from the *Island of Funquille*, you would be insupportable to me, and that being no longer able to esteem you, you no longer could be dear to me.

Remain always as you are, for, in effect, your former Faculties will be useless to me, if they should be restored to you by *Funquille*. Satisfy'd with your Conduct, we will lament together the Severity of our Destiny. I desire only your Heart, and if it is true that the Possession of mine is sufficient for your Happiness, ours will be perfect. In a Word, far from being willing you should approach the *Island of Funquille*, I am resolv'd to Morrow to return back towards *Chechian*.

How happy do you make me ? dear Prince, cry'd the tender *Neadarné*, but don't you be a Sufferer by your Compliance to me. Contented with bearing the Title of your Consort, I shall see, without Regret, another discharge the Duties of that Place ; she will be dear to me, by the Pleasures she will give

you: Your Laws, those severe Laws, which you would in vain elude, will no longer require our Separation. When your Subjects shall see the precious Fruits of a second Marriage, they will not carry their Barbarity so far as to banish your Friend. If I am destin'd to that dreadful Misfortune, if I must pass far from you my unfortunate Days, at least, added she, shedding a Flood of bitter Tears, at least, O, my only Blessing! if I survive our cruel Separation, I shall have Comfort to think that I have contributed to your Pleasures.

What say you? adorable Princess! cry'd *Tanzai*; I! shall I abandon you? shall any other than yourself ever attract my Eyes? Ah! don't believe it. Perish rather the Kingdom, which I should no longer be able to offer you. Perish sooner all Nature! than I should blacken myself with the most hateful Ingratitude. In vain should the Laws arm themselves against you; in vain should my Subjects urge them, from this Moment I revoke them; they shall be silent before my Power, or
woe

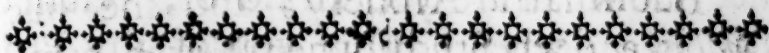
Tanzai and Neadarné. 245

woe to him who shall dare to receive them ! I should rebel against the Gods themselves. No, divine *Neadarné*, no, your Removal shall not be the Reward of your Love for me, and the tender Sentiments you express'd towards me, when I was in the same Case as yourself, cease to mention it to me ; the Destinies, weary of persecuting us, are perhaps preparing for us more auspicious Days, or——

Don't flatter yourself with that vain Hope, interrupted *Whisker* hastily ; the Destinies do not revoke their Decrees at the Will of Mortals ; *Junquille* alone can do every Thing for you. Besides, if the Princess don't deliver *Cormorant* what will become of me ? Excuse me, if you please, answer'd *Tanzai*, if I don't suffer this Concern to prevail with me over my own Interests. Besides, the Destinies do not enjoin me any Thing as to this Article ; and I don't imagine you would impose as a Law upon the Princess, an accidental Thing ; which she is at Liberty to refuse complying with.

But what are you afraid of, resum'd *Whisker*, when I assure you of my Protection? Alas! you tremble for yourself, said *Tanzai*. That is not the same Thing, answer'd *Whisker*; *Junquille* may be feared by me, on account of my present Condition; and yet, for all that, I am not without Power every where. When the Princess is once in the Island, I have contrived to save her from *Junquille*'s Embraces, by substituting a Phantom in her stead, which he shall mistake for her, so much by my Care shall it resemble her.

I don't intend, said *Tanzai*, that he shall enjoy her so much as in Idea; in a Word, I will return to *Cbechian*; I lament your Misfortune, but if the Fairy *Barbacela* has such a Value for you, she will find some other Means to restore both your Lover to you, and your Shape. At these Words, he order'd, before *Whisker*, that every Thing should be ready for his Departure next Morning, and left that Fairy so disconsolate, that all *Neadarne*'s Kindness to her could not appease her.



C H A P. VIII.

Junquille's Malicious Trick : How Whisker turns it to her own Advantage.

WHISKER being upon the Point of seeing her last Hopes prove abortive, and being very sensible she should never be able to determine *Tanzai* to consent to *Neadarné's* Voyage to the *Island of Junquille*, resolv'd, without musing herself with useless Intreaties, to have Recourse to the most powerful Secrets of her Art, for the Delivery of her Lover. It was nothing to her if *Tanzai* was a Sufferer by the Bargain ; the little Value he set upon her, the Contradictions she had met with from him, and the Necessity there was for her of *Neadarné's* falling into *Junquille's* Hands, prevail'd with her over all other Considerations ; wherefore, without discovering any thing of her Design, she rack'd her Brains to find

some Expedient, which might deliver her from her Anxiety; and she was still in a deep Study when Night came on.

Immediately after Supper, the Prince and Princess went to Bed, and *Tanzai* still fully bent for setting out next Day, had repeated his Intentions. The Fairy let them sleep, and was in vain inventing some Stratagem, when a dreadful Outcry arose suddenly in the City. Great Ape! What do I hear there? cry'd the Prince, starting out of his Sleep. Ah! said *Whisker*, whom her Art immediately inform'd of the Truth, this *Junquille* is very terrible! What has he done then? said *Tanzai*. You must know, resum'd *Whisker*, that he was in Love with one of the handsomest Women in the City: enraged at her obstinate resisting his Desires, he has changed her into a Monster; and not satisfy'd with this Punishment, has extended his Revenge to all the pretty Women in the Place, and resolves they shall continue ugly till they have made a Voyage to his Island; this is what caus'd the Noise that struck your Ears.

The

The *Blue-Bottles* would not willingly have their Wives remain as they are, but the Condition to which the *Genius* has annex'd the Return of their Beauty, seems to them yet harder to support than their homely Figures.

This City appears to me well Peopled, cry'd the Prince, and the *Genius* will have no little Work upon his Hands to mend what he has spoiled. What? Pleasure of my Life, said *Neadarné*! Do you think there will be any Women, who will prefer the Loss of their Virtue to that of their Beauty? The Gods forbid I should judge amiss, answered *Tanzai*; but, were I a Woman, I should not be willing to be put to such a Trial. Be that as it will, I will answer for it, that before two Days there will not be the least Mark remaining of *Junquille's* Revenge.

A dreadful Shriek which *Neadarné* gave here, interrupted the Conversation. Heavens! What ails you to shriek in that Manner? said *Whisker*. Alas! says the Princess, I am greatly mistaken, if my Nose is not at least a Foot longer than usual. The Prince,

in Despair, went to fetch one of the Tapers that were burning in the Chamber, but on seeing *Neadarné's* horrible Phiz, he let it fall in a Fright. There wanted only this, said he. Give her a Looking-Glass, cry'd *Whisker*, reach another Taper. The Prince, trembling, brought both the one and the other, and *Neadarné* found herself so ugly, so old, and so crooked, that she could not refrain weeping. The Fairy *Cucumber* might then have vied Charms with her.

Don't grieve so much, says the malicious Mole, what signifies a Misfortune one knows a certain Cure for? And what afflicts me, answer'd the Prince, is that very Cure ; and if I should not vex myself, think you that *Neadarné's* Virtue would suffer her to make use of it? Alas! Prince, cry'd *Neadarné*, quite dejected with so many Misfortunes, I will do nothing without your Consent. And you, added she, addressing herself to *Whisker*, you, who have promis'd me your Protection, when am I to have Proof of it, if not in my present Condition? What surprises

prizes me, resum'd *Tanzai*, is that *Neadarné* should be involved in the *Genius's* Revenge ; it ought naturally to have fallen only on the Women of this City : What Business have Strangers with all this ?

Whisker, if she had been so minded, could, better then any one, have inform'd *Tanzai* of the Truth of this Adventure, since *Neadarné's* Transformation had been owing to her alone. In Despair, at the Prince's Obstinacy in not sending *Neadarné* to *Junquille*, and not being able to deliver *Cormorant* any other way, she had seiz'd on the Opportunity of *Junquille's* Revenge, hoping that *Neadarné's* excessive Deformity, would determine *Tanzai* more easily to let her go to the *Island of Junquille*.

In the mean while the Prince spent himself in Lamentations ; wherefore the Fairy, to encourage him, said, that *Junquille* had not certainly reasoned right about his Revenge : That so many Women were involv'd therein, that he would be oblig'd to restore the greatest part of them to their Beauty with-
out

out requiring any Submission from them; that therefore he ought to seize this Opportunity to send the Princess, who would thereby come off the easier.

Yes, yes, said *Neadarné*, I shall return handsomer, but who will restore me to what *Cucumber* has made me lose? We have undertaken this Journey only for the Cure of one Misfortune, and I have actually two, almost as vexatious the one as the other. Although the Remedy that is offer'd me is infallible for both, I ought not to use it either for the first or the latter: When all is done, it is better for my Prince that I should continue deform'd; my hideous Figure, at present, will make him forget what I was; he will no longer love me; but to render myself worthy of his Tenderness, I must necessary lose his Esteem.

Wretched Metaphisicks! cry'd *Whisker*, in what consists the Crime? Is it not in the Consent? It is not you that wish yourself in the Arms of *Junquille*, you cannot therefore be Criminal. You don't even so much as desire the Recovery of your former Charms,
it

it is only on your Spouse's Account that you regret the Loss of them, and if you submit to what will restore them, it is only for his sake; consequently he cannot but esteem you the more, for having overcome your Reluctance to please him. Is not this true, said she to *Tanzai*? I know not, answered he, whether your Reasoning is just; but as I am oppress'd with so many Misfortunes, the best Course that I think can be taken, is that which will free me from them the soonest. Had they carry'd this Conversation any farther, the Historian is too judicious to tire the Reader with any more of it.

In the mean while the Uproar still continued in the City to such a Height, that the Prince was desired by *Neadarné* and *Whisker*, to take a Turn therein, and bring them Word of what pass'd there. He inform'd them at his Return, that the *Gemius's* Revenge had hardly appear'd manifestly, when all the Women set out in Shoals for the *Island of Funquille*, without excepting even the Queen, who not being able to bear her Ugliness one Moment, had

had been the first who took the Resolution; but that, at her Return, the King had strangled her with his own Hands, and that there were few Husbands in the City, but who had done the same. This, however, added he, does not hinder those that staid behind from desiring to follow; and I am very sure, before the Day is over, not one Woman in the Place will have any Signs left of the *Genius's* Anger. I know very well that the Vanity of being handsome, always prevailed with the Women, over the Satisfaction of being virtuous.

That is entirely owing to the Men, answer'd *Whisker*; let them seek after Virtue in a Woman, as much as they hunt after Beauty; let the one stand the Fair Sex in as much stead as the other, you soon will see us set as great a Value upon our Virtue as our Beauty. But let us leave this Argument; what do you at last resolve on? To let *Neadarné* go, as soon as Day breaks, said *Tanzai*, To-morrow she will see *Junquille*; and To-morrow also I shall die with Grief. One of the Misfortunes
which

which she suffers, is certainly too much in all Conscience ; and I should at last be apprehensive of being reproach'd with having loved her only for my own Sake.

It is of little Importance to relate how the rest of the Day was spent. New Fears continually from *Tanzai* ; fresh Assurances of Fidelity from *Neadarné* ; Promises of *Whisker* to the Prince, that his Charmer should return from the Island just as she went thither all but her Cure, which being wrought by the Fairy-Art, should not in the least affect her Virtue ; an obstinate Incrudulity, upon that Head, always on *Tanzai*, who, one would have thought, took a Pleasure in viewing Things in the worst Light, until, at last, Night came on. Upon the whole, the Prince, who had chang'd his Resolution above twenty Times that Day, went to Bed determin'd to let the Princess go ; and *Whisker*, who had something of vast Moment to say to the Princess, finding that his Trouble would not let him sleep, compell'd him to it by

by the Force of her Enchantments, and began as follows.



C H A P. IX.

A very affecting Conversation between Whisker, and the Princess, which is of the utmost Importance to all Female Readers.

YOU are infinitely afflicted at your Deformity, and yet more at the first of your Misfortunes: You are afraid of the *Genius*, and yet are not willing to remain as you are: All this makes a strange Confusion in your Head. It is necessary, however, to unravel the Confusion of your Ideas, to extricate you from it, to render them clear, and make you see Day within your Soul. At present, all is Darkneſs to you; you only grope your Way along; your Thoughts turn their Backs upon one another, and are in an ill Humour even

even with themselves; there is not one of them, I am sure, but what has a Judge against itself, and you suffer by their Contradiction: I will reconcile you to your self, my Reason is going to sit down and judge them, hearken to me.

When I promis'd you to save you from *Junquille's* tender Embraces, I deceived you; no Power would be able to prevail on him upon that Head: Your Virtue, as ceremonious as it is about its Decorums, will give Way; that *Genius* will infallibly get the better of it; in a Word, you will not go out your Time with it: One of these two it must choose, either to expire with Pleasure, or to die a violent Death. You are too lovely for it to meet with any Quarter; it will even serve only to increase the Ardour of *Junquille*. When the Triumph costs nothing, so that the Vanity of a Man can draw no Advantage from it, he neglects it: Let us proceed to another Point.

As to your Deformity, don't trouble your self about it; that was all my
Handy-

Handy-work ; and I will rid you of it without the *Genius's* Interposition: You shall scarce have left the Prince, but you shall find yourself handsomer than ever. This is not all, we come now to the material Article. The Prince is very jealous, and tho' you should tell him you appear'd before the *Genius* without running any Risque, some certain Marks, which are not to be mistaken, may happen easily to give you the Lie. But I have a Remedy that is excellent for repairing the Outrages we suffer, from the passionate Transports of Mankind.

What is the Meaning of all this, cry'd *Neadarné*, interrupting her? What! said *Whisker*, don't you understand me? Before you had known the Prince ——— but it is impossible you should be ignorant of what I mean; you will agree that those two fatal Nights, (when each of you successively experienced the Effects of *Cucumber's* Anger,) if no Misfortune had befallen you, you could not have granted to *Tanzai*, what his Love would have required of yours, but something singular must have happened to you ———

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I begin now to understand you, said *Neadarné*. You are very sensible, resum'd the Fairy, that this could not have been, without some Alteration's being made in you. *Junquille*, to cure you, will require that, which the Prince was deprived of. What would have happen'd to you by *Tanzai*, will happen to you by *Junquille*: And, according to the natural Custom, it is impossible but your Spouse must discover what the *Genius* has done.

Well! and what of all that? said *Neadarné*. At the Bottom, resum'd *Whisker*, the Matter is not much; but, in Point of Form, that makes a wide Difference. In a Word, it shocks an unreasonable Prejudice which has obtained amongst Mankind, and which with them is the most to be regarded. Now, I must enable you to prove to the Prince, that the *Genius* has paid you an uncommon Deference: Otherwise you would lose his Love; and whatever he might say to you, how well soever he may be convinced that you only obey'd upon Compulsion, he would have the Injustice to slight you, if you should not re-
turn

turn to him such as he imagines you.

Such is our Misfortune! the Men continually accuse us of Artifice, and yet perpetually reduce us to the Necessity of having Recourse to it. They are all as unjust as *Tanzai*, and despise us often for those very Things, to which they themselves have urged us with the utmost Earnestness. There are a thousand Cases, wherein, on Account of their nonsensical Vanity, Sincerity would dishonour us, and wherein (it is a general Rule) Lying secures us their Esteem. Such, for Instance, is the very Dilemma you are now in..

Were it not even in my Power, to repair the Injury *Junquille* will do you, still you ought always to maintain to your Spouse, that your Virtue has been in no Danger, and to place all Defects to the Account of Nature, rather than own to him a Thing which he would never forgive you. In a Word, the very Idea of Precedence flatters them; therefore, that you may be able to confirm your Asseveration, by undeniable Proofs, I will entrust you with an infallible

fallible Secret : * It consists but of three Words, and even those you shall have in Writing, that you may not run the Hazard of forgetting them. At another Time you might deceive him without all these Precautions, but his Jealousy will make him clear-sighted, and we have more than one Sense to impose upon. This Secret will deprive him of all Cause of Suspicion ; I will even have it serve him more than would be absolutely necessary ; the more he complains of it, the more satisfied he will be.

As for the rest, never blush at using this Artifice ; if he had been obliged

* Here *Kilobo-ee* laments, and the Translator after him, that this Secret of *Whisker's* is not to be found in this Book. As the *Cbinese* protests he should have been glad of communicating it to his Countrywomen, the Translator, believing it would not be less agreeable to the Fair Ladies of *France*, assures his Female Readers, it is to his great Regret they are deprived of it. He begs them, therefore, not to impute its Loss to his Negligence, and thinks he ought to protest to them, that after a long and manifold Experience, he has been obliged to treat all that is said upon this Article as fabulous.

to carry any Marks of the Night he pass'd with *Cucumber*, he would have made no Difficulty of imposing upon you——He came off by saying, he was cured by a Dream, and you may.——I have always suspected, said *Neadarné* interrupting her, that this Dream was not true; but should I tell him likewise that a Dream recover'd me, his own Adventures would make him give the less Credit to my Assertions. Yes, answer'd *Whisker*, if they were not supported by the Secret you know; but which Way can he doubt of them when he will meet with the same Difficulties at least, as the *Genius* will meet with before him? But if this Secret should fail, cry'd *Neadarné* hastily! *Cucumber* may chance to play me that Trick also; you know it will be full as bad as the other. Fear nothing, answer'd *Whisker*, she is not acquainted with this Secret; and if the Prince would deal sincerely with you, he would own he could not perceive she had made any Use of it. But there remains still another Article.

You

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You have imbibed an Aversion against *Junquille*; it will cease as soon as you set Eyes on him; he is very handsome. In the Relation I made you of my Adventures, he appear'd my Persecutor, and that Thought, no Doubt, has render'd him odious to you; but I forewarn you, once again, that he is a charming *Genius*; and one who, together with the most extensive Power, is Master of the most uncommon Qualifications and Accomplishments: Perhaps you may even conceive a violent Passion for him.

Never fancy it, said *Neadarné*, my Heart is prepossess'd with so strong a Tendernefs for *Tanzai*, that I would defy all the *Genius*'s upon Earth to make any Impression on me. You are again in a mistake upon that Head, answer'd the Fairy; *Junquille* will put you to a hard Tryal, and *Tanzai*, who might second your Love, will be absent. His Idea will be enough to me, resum'd *Neadarné*, and I should blush too much, if I stood in Need of his Presence to prevent my being unfaithful to him. With all these
fine

fine Sentiments, reply'd *Whisker*, Things will happen just as I foretell you. I am a little acquainted with the Ways of the Heart.

What prevents a Woman's being false to her Lover, is that she does not put herself in Danger of being false to him. On a Critical Occasion, if such a one should happen, Nature would get the Better of all other Thoughts, and would not fail to extinguish them. It is true when one begins to recollect oneself, one is greatly astonished, but the Thing is not the less done. That will never happen by *Junquille*, said *Neadarné*, and tho' I should not be tenderly affected with another Passion, it would not be him I should choose; I am very sensible I hate him. That is another Error, resum'd *Whisker*, frequently those very Men, of whom Women have formed to themselves a frightful Idea, are the Persons who attain soonest to the Secret of pleasing them: To be hated at first, is a way that commonly leads to being violently
belov'd:

beloved : Caprice frequently has a less Hand therein than Self-love.

A Man happens in Company with a Woman, and seems to view her Charms but with Indifference ; no Praises flow from his Tongue ; his Eyes, full of a mortifying Indolence, seem not in the least to contradict his Silence ; he looks on her, without intermixing any Civilities with the Way of examining her ; it would have been as well for her not to have been there ; He appears not to have taken the least Notice of her in his Heart ; perhaps he even seems to have his Eyes revitted upon another Woman in the same Company : Behold a perfect confin'd Hatred. And if by Chance this so inattentive Man has any Merit, it is but all lost, he is yet the more insupportable. Were he stupid, were he one of those superficial Wretches, on whom nothing makes any Impression, his Approbation would be next to nothing, it would only please because it soothes ones Pride to gain the Admiration of every Body. But for a Man who is amiable, not to think a

Woman is so likewise, that is never to be forgiven: That very Moment all his good Qualities become so many Faults. Does he speak well? He speaks ill; because you don't find what you could desire in what he says. Is he serious? How sullen he is! Is he a Man of Sense? How dull and heavy! Is he jocose! How wretchedly he pretends to jest? Behold your ill Opinion wound up to the highest Pitch, you feel in yourself such an Aversion to him, that it is perfectly uneasy to you, it is so very violent.

Let but this very Man, so intolerably detested, rouse at last from his Lethargy; let him address himself to you, I mean only in such a Manner as is usual in Company, and declares nothing, behold him chang'd, he is no longer the same: Your Vanity, being satisfy'd, takes off the Bandage that cover'd your Eyes; the Attention he has shewn to your Merit, makes his own shine out, if I may use that Expression. In this Situation, let him say he loves; no sooner has he utter'd that dangerous

dangerous Word, then a soft Look returns him his Declaration, and that yet more passionately then he spoke it. The Heart makes a Transition from one Extremity to the other, though it never hated enough, it fears never to have Kindness enough; this is what is call'd, Love by Surprise. *Junquille* is just in the same Case with you; you imagine him hideous, he is very lovely; he will make his Court to you in such a Manner, as will immediately discover all his Charms; the Surprise is not far off.

Once again I desire you not to believe it, said *Neadarné*, I love the Prince, and shall certainly behold *Junquille* with Indifference. Be it so, answer'd the Mole, I believe it the sooner, because it is neither necessary for you, nor me, that you should love him: All you have to do is to spend one Night with him. Ah! *Great Ape*! cry'd *Neadarné*, how long will it be! Judge without Prejudice, resum'd the Fairy, you will imagine it short: At present,

let us think of the unfortunate *Cormorant*.

In the Space of ten Years, the Love and Anger of *Junquille* have, no doubt, lost their Force. I know even that some times, he makes this unhappy Prince sing and dance before him ; he will not fail to give you Variety of Entertainments ; seize on that Opportunity to demand of him the Liberty of my Lover : Grant not any Thing to his Love, if it be possible, before he has restored me the Object of mine. If he refuses you, take this Slipper. (Here *Whisker* made a Sign with her Paw, and a Slipper with some Paper, fell immediately upon the Bed.) There, continued she, is the Secret I promised you, and it may be repeated as often as you please. As for this Slipper take it ; when you see the *Genius* slumber, make him kiss it, it will redouble his Sleep. What ! this Slipper make him sleep, cry'd *Neadarné* ? What a Flame ! These are Things above human Conception, reply'd the Fairy : Yes, this Slipper will make him sleep.

When

When you see him in that Condition, go into the Gardens, look for *Cormorant*, and shew it him ; it is one of those I wore the Night we were parted ; he has the Fellow to it in his Pocket, which he took from me in Jest, a little before we were so disagreeably surprized by *Junquille*. Order him to put them on, they will render him invisible ; without this Precaution he will not be able to get out of the Island. But, said *Neadarné*, interrupting her, what if *Junquille* should come to know of our Flight in Time ? Fear nothing, cry'd *Whisker*, his Anger would only be apprehended by *Cormorant*. As soon as Night has given Place to Day, he will have no Power over you, but what you please to give him. But put the Slipper and the Paper up carefully ; I have no more to add, Day begins to peep ; this said, she awaked *Tanzai*.

Ah ! fatal Day, cry'd he, how hasty are you to break ! Well, dearest Half of my Soul, said he to *Neadarné*, are you still so very deform'd ? Worse then
last

last Night, I think, answer'd the Princess. O execrable Metamorphosis ! cry'd he: However, if one had remov'd the other, I should have something to comfort me, I should at least have got the Start of the *Genius*. Cease your Lamentations, resum'd *Whisker*, the Equipage is ready, she must be gone. Endeavour, said the Prince to *Neadarné*, embracing her, to avoid *Junquille's* Caresses ; or, at least, if he does touch you, let it be next to nothing. You don't mind what you say, cry'd *Whisker*, it all comes to the same Thing. Yes, at the Bottom, answer'd the Prince, one is as bad as ten Times ; nevertheless ten Time would vex me more then once. You have whimsical Niceties, reply'd she ; but don't think of that, go to Bed again, you shall tell me some Story, you have Wit at will. Oh ! as for Wit, resumed *Tanzai*, I shall have none to Day. You are contented for your Part ; you are going to see your *Cormorant* again ; Thanks to the Mole-Hill where you have lived, he will find you just as he left you ; But *Neadarné*
— let

—let us banish this Idea, it kills me.

During this Discourse, the Princess did not stir ; and *Whisker* fearing *Tanzai* would detain her, after having assured him again that she should run no Risques, obliged them to part ; and saw *Neadarné* at last set out for the Island of *Junquille*, with as much Pleasure as *Tanzai* felt Pain. It will be seen in the following Chapters, whether he was in the Wrong to be alarmed at it.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

